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THE SPHERE, SEPTEMBER 28, 1935
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THE SPHERE

Vol. CXLII No. 1862 WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC SEPT. 28 1935

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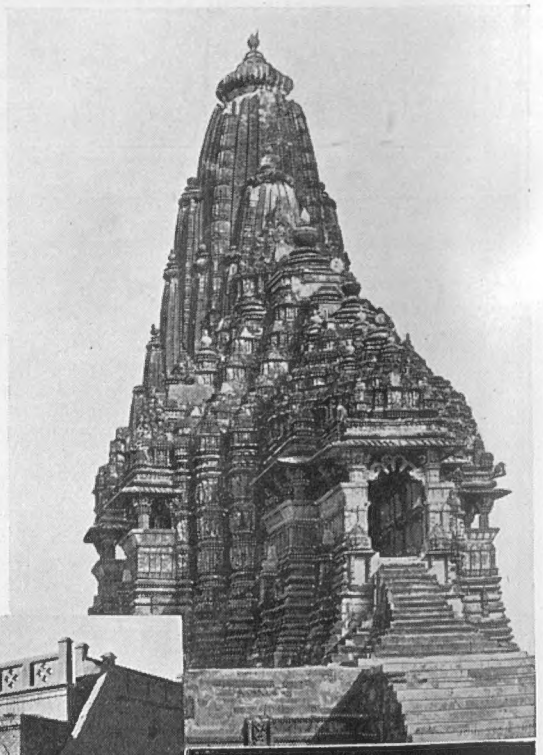

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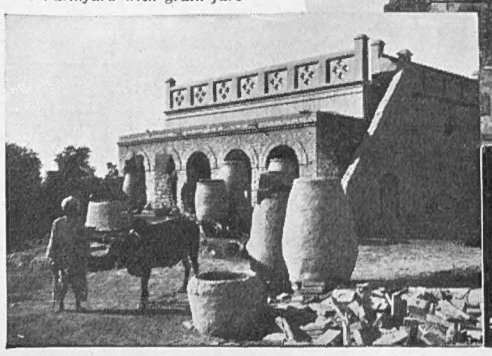

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Volume CXLII No. 1862

THE SPHERE

With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"

The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

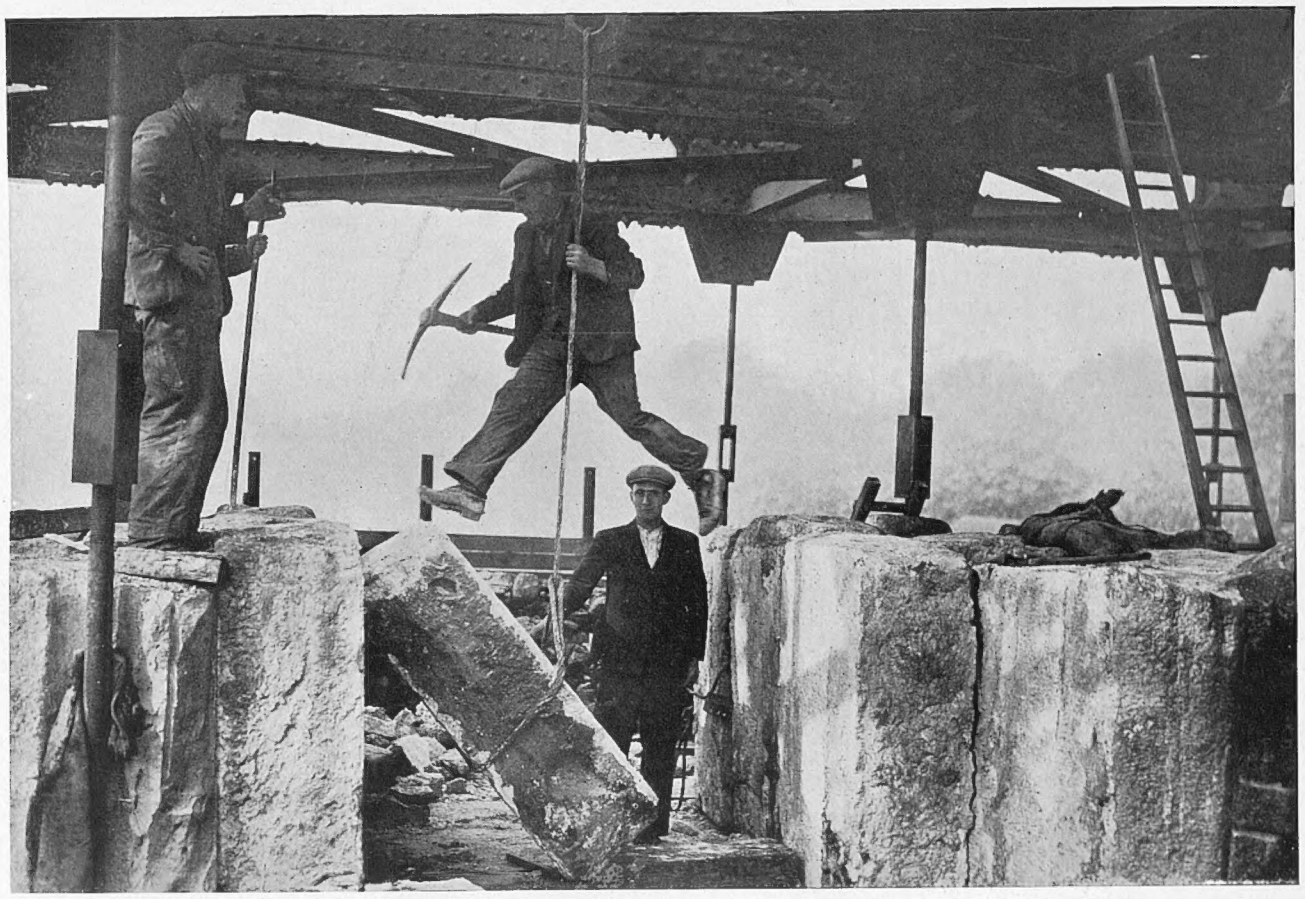
London, September 28, 1935

Havoc of the Storm

The Promenade at Seaford, Sussex, Damaged by the September Gales

Seldom has Southern England been involved in such a series of storms so early in the year, and the gale and flood havoc during this September is probably the most severe within living memory. Cross-Channel services have been disorganised; steamers have come limping into port with their decks a mass of tangled steelwork or listing heavily as a result of shifting cargo; and yachts have been in dire peril on seas as mountainous as any encountered on the Atlantic in the depths of winter. At the seaside towns the damage to property has been tremendous, and at Bournemouth, Brighton, Hove, Eastbourne, Hastings, and other resorts, houses have been flooded, concrete has been torn up from promenades, while beach huts, tents, and deck chairs have either been wrecked by the winds or swept away by the waves. Puny man has sought for centuries to tame the giant forces of Nature but, inventive though he may be, it seems that the relentless sea must, as ever, take its yearly heavy toll of lives and property

Postage—Inland, ½d.; Canada and Newfoundland, 1½d. Elsewhere Abroad, 2½d.



THE PASSING OF WATERLOO BRIDGE: The famous structure is now severed in two, and this picture was taken as a workman jumped over the gap between the two sections and was the last person to cross. Soon all the arch stones will have been removed, and work will start on the demolition of the piers

A LONDON NEWSLETTER

346, STRAND, W.C.,
Wednesday, September 25, 1935.

LORD PONSONBY AND RECOURSE TO FORCE.—

Lord Ponsonby resigned last week the leadership of the Labour Party in the Lords. I referred to him last week apropos the "vote of censure" on Sir Walter Citrine and suggested that the injustice and ignorance of the party might well break the hearts of its educated leaders. But Lord Ponsonby's grounds for resignation were larger and clearly defined. His party has endorsed the Government's declaration, voiced by Sir Samuel Hoare, to stand by the League Covenant and all that that implies, including, if need be, recourse to military sanctions. For thirty years Lord Ponsonby has held the view (and boldly declared it) that peace can never be secured by force. Under no circumstances (short, presumably, of the invasion of our country by an enemy Power) would he support recourse to arms. A lifelong pacifist, he has of course many and bitter opponents, but none of them can be so unjust as to deny that he has been sincere, courageous, and consistent. Those who can remember the war will remember how he suffered for his then most unpopular cause. That the moment was ripe for his making this stand for his principles, even those who most detest his "pacifism" cannot but admit. In a great "daily," in a neighbouring column to that which announced his resignation, a warlike passage of remarkable zest caught my eye. It referred to British "preparations" in the Mediterranean. It is worth quoting in brief:

> ". . . . above all the quiet but steady preparations of the British Government for any eventuality in the Mediterranean are having a marked effect on Italian moral . . . . There were those who accepted the theory that the Italian Navy and Air Force were 'newer' and therefore more formidable than any which they might meet in the Mediterranean waters . . . . But the concentration of British naval force in the Mediterranean has now reached proportions by which Italians here . . . . are visibly impressed . . . . The sudden appearance of twenty-four British destroyers in Egyptian waters, when the Italian Government was unaware that they had passed the Straits, is related with some relish as a reply to the Italian claim to omniscience."

These words were clearly written "with relish," and open the eyes of more Englishmen than Lord Ponsonby, though he may read them with more sadness than most of us. But all of us are alike in wondering whether other signatory nations are so forward with their plans to implement the last resort of the League's Covenant.

THE FIVE-POWER SOLUTION.—

From that statement of facts we may turn to the Five-Power proposals, that terse, firm, and clear revision of the Paris proposals which was the last hope of averting war, and which Italy was expected to treat seriously, if only as a basis of compromise. They contained no element of surprise, they revealed no last-minute stroke of genius by way of solution. They restated the case against Abyssinia, namely, that as a member of the League she has certain obligations to perform, chiefly in safeguarding the interests of foreigners, and that she has proved herself incapable, unaided, of performing them. Therefore, while upholding her independence unequivocally, the report laid down in detail the departments of administration which must henceforth come under the supervision of foreign officials. A "five-year" plan of modernisation was put forward and Abyssinia without delay accepted it in principle. No mention was made of Italy's "right" to find those officials, and no suggestion could be found to encourage a disguised military control of Abyssinia by Italy. Italy must find what comfort she might in the proposals from the hint that if the settlement of Italians in Abyssinia is indeed her prime need, she can expect that her nationals, in common with any other, may share the very limited "accommodation" for white men in confidence that their interests will be safeguarded by European supervision. Small wonder if Baron Aloisi dreaded the duty of putting the proposals before the Duce, and felt like going to Rome, if go he must, in a coat of mail. By the week-end, Italy had said No; had countered with impossible demands; and left the Five-Power Committee no alternative but to hand the affair back to the League.

THE DILEMMA.—

The more one ponders on the Abyssinian business the more one is struck by the clarification of the issues (at long last) since the British and French declarations at Geneva. Sir Charles Grant Robertson has the honour of coining the phrase which defines the main issue. *A philosophy of violence dominates the whole world. Can the League smash that philosophy and enshrine the principles for which it stands?* To achieve that great purpose, moral suasion is proved already insufficient. Sanctions remain against an aggressor gone national-mad. Economic sanctions may be tried first. If they fail (and time is a vital factor) sanctions of force, clear-cut, unanimous and undiluted, must be applied. There are no half measures, no compromise, no other way. The British Government declared it. The Labour Opposition endorsed it. The man-in-the-street all over Europe is to-day clear on the point. But the British Labour Party has not reached that common agreement of principle without a shake-out among its leaders of thought. Mr. Lansbury dissents but acquiesces; Lord Ponsonby, as stated, resigns for his uncompromising determination never to resort to force. Sir Stafford Cripps has had a last-minute recantation from his opinion expressed clearly in the House six months since over the Manchukuo dispute, that sanctions involving force must not be ruled out in the last resort, if the collective peace system is to be maintained. Now that "the last resort" is on the agenda in the case of the Italy-Abyssinia trouble, he has recanted and follows Lord Ponsonby into resignation. There is no reason—there never is a reason—to jeer at a man who changes his views on problems of appalling gravity. Nor I think is there any reason to prophesy the weakening of the Labour Party on account of these divergences of view among its leaders. I expect that next week the Labour Party Conference will show a front still united and strong. It is enough to state the present position and the facts as they appear to be from Press reports.

OUR TRADE AND OUR INITIATIVE.—

The troubles of Europe and the world seem to-day never more menacing. Yet at the back of my mind I feel a confidence that much of our pessimistic expectation will vanish as nightmares vanish. The fact that not many "crises" remain for three days on the front page of news, but are shouldered out by other and blacker, encourages me in this hope. But more, I am encouraged by the visible proof from Geneva that the bulk of the nations are resolved on peace, and have come at last to see what the extinction of the League would mean. If the League survives and is reinforced with concrete, and the will to peace extends and is strengthened, the crises of Europe will find local solutions in time. I am inspired then by the courage and initiative of British industrialists to launch out on the wave of our own proved and astonishing trade revival in the face of these major international complications and to cast their bread on the troubled waters. It is the courage, the horse-sense, the genius, of great generals to launch their attack and throw in their reserves at just such a juncture. "If hopes were dupes, fears may be liars." Our great industries, new and old, are joining in the great advance. The Rayon industry and all its allies in the textile field, machinery, electrical equipment and the rest; shipping lines, motor cars, distillers, the tobacco trade, all these and many others have resolved to take the flood tide in their affairs and to tell the world. A supplement in a great daily devoted to the famed city of Nottingham gave the nation speaking proof of a prime cause of our unique revival. Civilisation's needs constantly grow more luxurious and the fear of war does not cancel them. Nottingham is Britain in miniature. The men behind its industries

are efficient and brave and farsighted. Its eggs are not in one basket. It enjoys the great traditions of age and the oiled-wheels of modern rationalisation. It lives in the past and in the future. Lace and hosiery were among its oldest trades and are so still; coal has been a staple industry there since Henry VII's reign; 50,000 of its citizens still work in its coal industry. Light-leather tanning and fabric gloves are hardly less important items; dyeing and bleaching are two more; millions of cigarettes are turned out in the city every day; the county is an agricultural stronghold, well-favoured, and here the sugar beet industry has made vast strides. Its water and waterways are famous, and its beer is famous from the virtue of its water. It is a centre of the bicycle interest. The names of its prominent industrialists are world-famous. The world may grow worse before it grows better, though I have blind faith that the dawn has broken, but if it be false dawn, even so Nottingham and Britain must surely win through, and more than justify their courage and faith.

BISHOP GORE'S LIFE.—One of the most important books just published at the beginning of the autumn season is Dr. Prestige's *Life of Bishop Gore* (Heinemann). Charles Gore, Bishop of Worcester, Birmingham and Oxford, died on January 17, 1932. His place in the history of the Church needs no stressing. He left his papers to the Community of the Resurrection, Mirfield, an Anglican Order which he helped to found. Father Talbot, its head, after considerable thought, chose Mr. Leonard Prestige, who is Rector of Upper Heyford, near Oxford, to undertake the biography. Shortly after accepting the task, Mr. Prestige became a Doctor of Divinity. He has for some years contributed articles to church newspapers, and is still a young man. It is much too early to review his work, a small part of which I read in MS. form. I have not yet finished the printed pages of the longish book. Dr. Prestige worked rapidly, considering the mass of papers through which he went. It was his determination not to make the biography a "battlefield of dead religious controversies." The correspondence between his subject and Canon Scott-Holland (a lifelong friend of Bishop Gore), helped him to keep his biography lively and amusing, as it deserved to be. But Dr. Prestige was provided with much valuable data beside the Bishop's papers and friends' correspondence. Dr. Albert Mansbridge, who is well known for his social and educational work and was a close friend of the Bishop, had for some years, with the knowledge and approval of the Community, been working on a life of the Bishop and had brought it to a nearly finished state when Dr. Prestige began his task. With a generosity beyond praise he handed entire the fruits of his labours to Dr. Prestige. This noble act Dr. Prestige most gratefully and gracefully acknowledges. I shall reserve my review of the book till next week. It is not one to hurry through.

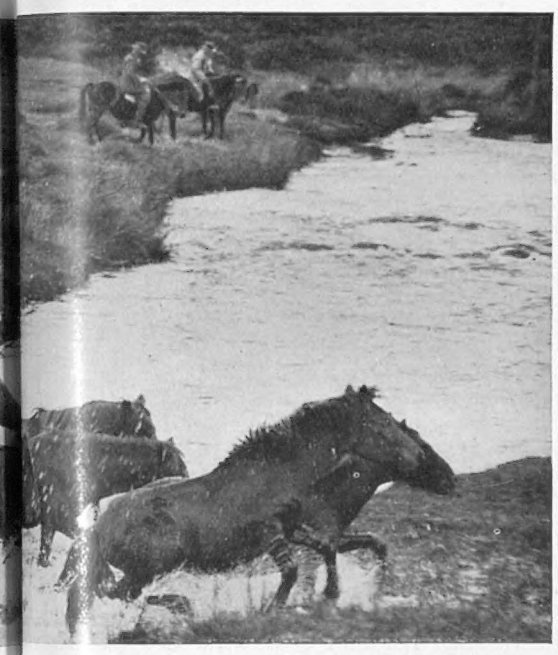
PLAYS TO COME — A PLAYER GONE.—The world of the Theatre goes on, though the great stars of the past disappear. Dame Madge to the day of her death was a popular favourite. More than once of late I heard her speaking sense with sensibility, with her dear old bonnet and her gay humanity. She has been hailed as one of the greatest of English actresses, a brilliant excrescence in a vast family of hereditary actors. I am glad to think that I saw her and cried with her in *The Elder Miss Blossom*—one of the first plays I ever saw—and revelled in her humour as Mistress Ford. Knowing even now nothing of the stage, I yet recognised her greatness in my callow youth. And the play goes on. How I look forward to John Gielgud's *Romeo and Juliet* at the New next month. He and Laurence Olivier are to alternate the parts of Romeo and Mercutio. Hitherto the best Romeo I ever saw was Henry Ainley. The best nurse, Ellen Terry. In the coming production Peggy Ashcroft will play Juliet—a part I have always thought a thankless one, depending on youth and youth alone for its appeal; and Edith Evans is to be the nurse. That is a part which should fit her like a glove. If she can give to the old dame's genial bawdy what she gave to Restoration scandal, we are in for a feast and shall wish the old nurse had even more time and licence on the stage. Shakespeare holds the stage at Hammersmith also. On September 30 something like an all-star cast is to give *The Merchant of Venice* at the Lyric, for Basil Gill and J. Fisher White—two superbly trained Shakespearians — will support Arthur Phillips, an old Bensonian and proved Shylock. The New must not cast the Lyric into the shade. There will be magnificent acting in both productions. Shakespeare is doing well in America also where Gladys Cooper is playing in *Macbeth* and *Othello*. Shall I go and see a stage adaptation of *Pride and Prejudice* when Raymond Massey brings it over from America? No. My favourite novel shall remain a glory of the printed page. Jane Austen was not meant for the stage.

THE GALES OF LAST WEEK.—The equinox surpassed its normal violence. The gale which last week raged over Southern England was the worst (bar one) which I can recall in seven years' residence in the Haslemere neighbourhood. In my own garden the casualties in full-grown trees, glass, fences, and woodwork, made the place look like the scene of a modern battle. I lost 80 per cent. of my apples and must write off that valuable harvest as a windfall crop. The ash seemed to be the most vulnerable of trees, with the elm a good second, but I saw Scotch firs blown flat. So fierce were the gusts during the worst part of the night that it seemed impossible that plate-glass surfaces of any size, facing the wind, could stand the shock. It is not pleasant to sleep in a house, with a glass-domed central light and surrounded by trees, and to hear such a tempest and the sound of crashing trunks. But the great gale of November (was it 1930?) whose fury I encountered among the elm-bordered lanes near Cumnor, was worse and more terrifying. Nowadays the main roads of the country are very quickly made good after such gales. Gangs of men are on the spot soon after dawn, with proper instruments; the great fallen elm trunks are sawn and pulled to the side and the stream of cars and lorries are moving as quickly as ever by 9.30 a.m. It is notable that we have had to fall back on the great gale of September 3, 1658 (the night when Cromwell died) to find a parallel! Did another Cromwell ("guiltless of his country's blood") pass away unsung and unknown last week?

THE NON-STOP GAME.—Cricket is over—and of course beginning. Yorkshire, the champion county, set the crown on their season by beating "The Rest of England." It is a feat as rare as winning the triple crown of classics on the racecourse. The South Africans depart with £10,000 and nice bonuses fairly won, and blessings on English sportsmanship. They add a friendly warning that we ought to give our fast bowlers a good rest; and so they return home instantly to resume Test cricket (for which they are themselves unfitted by staleness) with Australia. And our stars are off again also on the endless adventure. Except when he is knocked over and smashed up, Wyatt appears never to release his grip on the bat. He must sleep in his flannels. And his star batsmen and bowlers are no wiser. They play cricket all the year round, and I have no doubt at all that the practice is foolish and short-sighted and not in the best interests of cricket either as a game, a recreation, or a semi-political event of international importance. No one can afford to forgo his holiday, his rest, his change, whether his work be hewing stones, keeping ledgers, playing cricket, or eating strawberries.

THIS FREEDOM.—Can freedom of speech be overdone? The B.B.C., always courageous, is determined to find out. Listeners have in the past complained of over-editing and of a tendency to fetter extreme opinions. (Incidentally, some listeners have complained of too little editing, of outbursts too little restrained. *Mais que voulez-vous?* There are umpteen million listeners with umpteen million opinions). This autumn our firesides are to be brightened with a novel series of unrehearsed debates in which "genuinely unrehearsed" argument will be controlled by an experienced chairman. In my limited experience those chairmen must be experienced indeed if they are to order and marshal unrehearsed argument, so that the result is not like a first rehearsal of very amateur theatricals. I pin my hopes more on the speakers than on the chairmen. If the former know their subjects, their opinions will not be unrehearsed. Lord Russell and Mr. Chesterton, for example, will know their subjects and be word-perfect "on the night." Rather less cheerfully I look forward to the series, "Men Talking," when speakers "will have complete freedom to express their microphone personalities." This seems to me to be an exploitation of the listening public. God-sent broadcasters should be discovered painfully by private auditions. Personally, I am not carried off my feet by "microphone personality." The microphone I have found to be the murderer of personality. Nor do I anticipate being greatly edified by the series, "European Exchanges," when young Communists, young Nazis, young Turks, and so on will discuss their political outlooks with bright young Englishmen.

THE OLD STAGER.



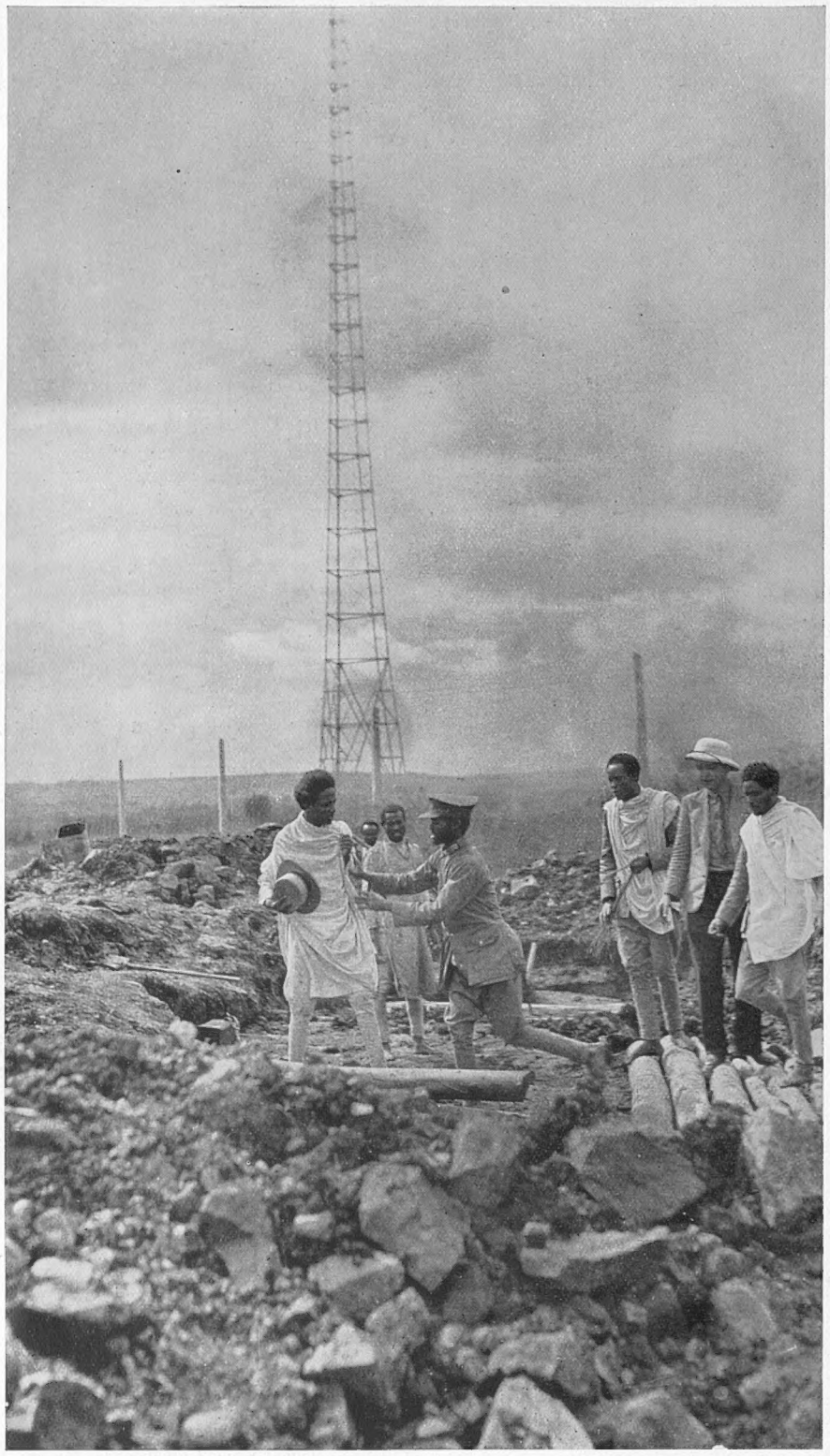
IN THE WILD WEST: These ponies are allowed to roam at will over Dartmoor, but at the beginning of the autumn the owners join forces and drive them into a central meeting-place where they are marked. Those that are not claimed are eventually sold

ANCIENT PRIVILEGE

The Royal Marines, who came to London on August 17 to undertake for the first time guard duties at the Royal Palaces, ended their visit last week when they marched through the City with colours flying, bayonets fixed, and bands playing—a right which has been theirs since the seventeenth century. They are seen in this picture as they passed the Mansion House where the Lord Mayor and other civic dignitaries watched them from the balcony

ETHIOPIA PREPARES:

THE EMPEROR HAILE SELASSIE'S THREE WHITE ADVISERS: General Eric Virgin of the United States, and Mr. J. Aubeirson, of Switzerland, seen as they left Addis of Ogaden and inspect the preparations made there for resisting invasion. It was some of the fiercest fighting will take place in this region, as it lies directly on the force now stationed in Italian Somaliland under General Graziani. General Virgin of the Swedish Air Force, is noted for his organising ability. He is sixty, and has now



ANTI-AIRCRAFT DEFENCES: The diggings near the wireless station on the outskirts of Addis Ababa, where workmen have been engaged in constructing a large underground bomb-proof shelter which it is believed will be capable of holding some thousands of people.

THE RUNAWAY: Left outside the engine sheds at Gloucester this Great Western down the track and, after crashing through stop-blocks and some iron railings into the wall of a girls' home. The wall was partially demolished and the engine

EXCAVATING THE NEW BOMB-PROOF SHELTER AT ADDIS ABABA: A native working in the diggings under the supervision of a European overseer. The Emperor has already made several proclamations with regard to air raids, and has instructed his subjects either to make for the special shelters in time of emergency or to hide themselves from view in the groves of eucalyptus trees which surround the capital

TRIUMPH AND DISASTER: Lieutenant Felix Waitkus (in beret) standing beside after he had crashed in a field at Ballinrobe, County Mayo, Western Ireland, Atlantic from New York. The pilot, who is a Lithuanian by birth, was planning owing to unexpectedly bad weather his load of petrol did not allow him the thirty

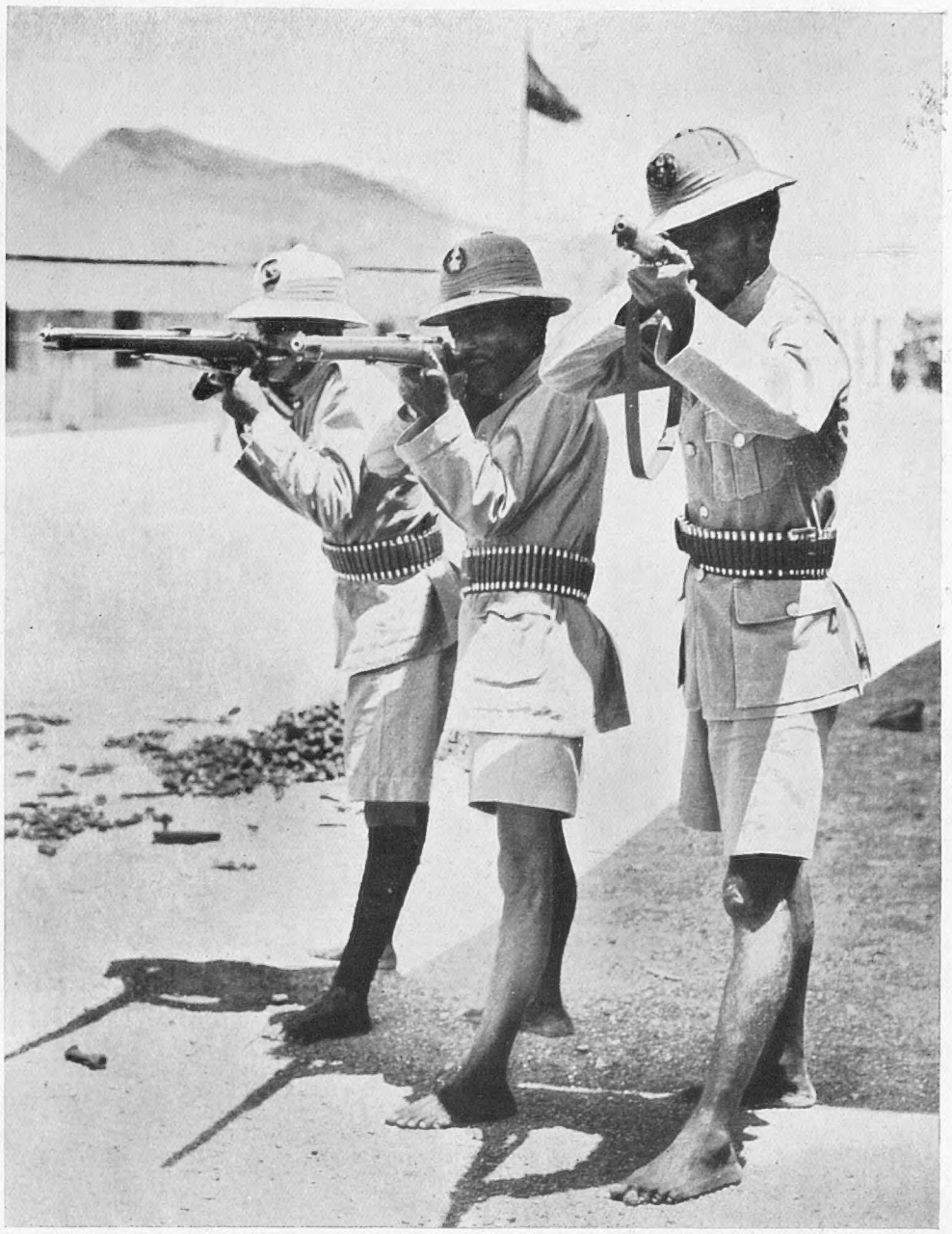
And Other Matters of Current Interest: A Lithuanian's Atlantic Flight: Campbell Black's Narrow Escape

Sweden, Mr. Everett A. Coulson, Ababa by rail to visit the province Peaks out it is anticipated that robable line of advance of the who was at one time in command een in Abyssinia for over a year

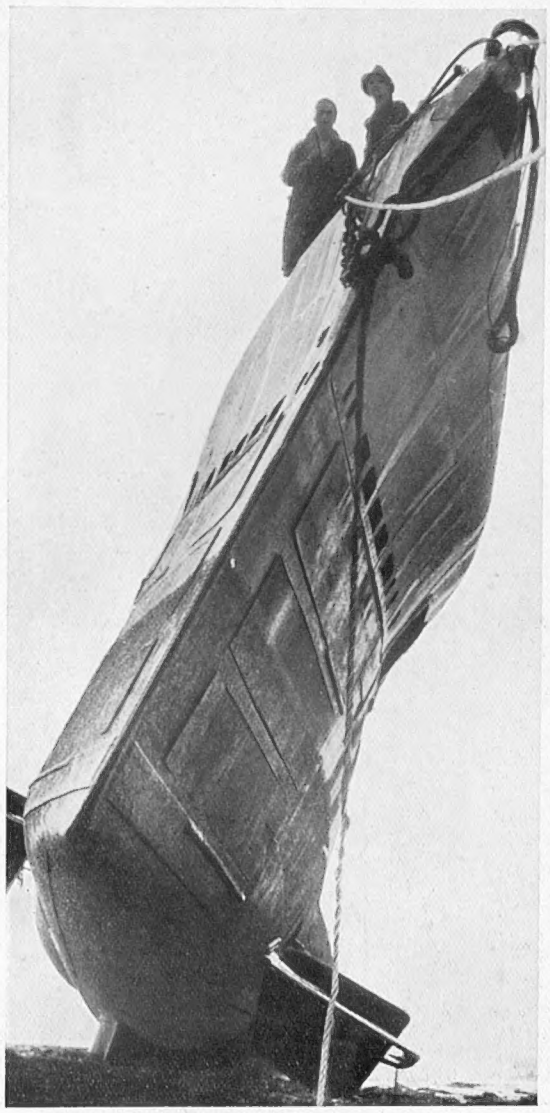
ailway locomotive suddenly ran s, rossed the road and charged me to a stop amid the debris

damaged Lockheed Vega 'plane llowing a solo flight across the o reach Kovno non-stop, but ying hours he had counted upon

CYNOSURE OF ALL EYES: The 7 ft. drum-major of the Ethiopian Imperial Bodyguard seen on a recruiting march through Addis Ababa. Like most of the Emperor's troops he protects his legs with puttees but walks barefoot



GUARDIANS OF THE RAILROAD: Well equipped and smartly turned out soldiers engaged in rifle practice at Douenle, the station about 100 miles from Jibuti, on the borders of Abyssinia and French Somaliland. Flying over the Customs buildings in the background is the green, gold, and red flag of the Ethiopian Empire



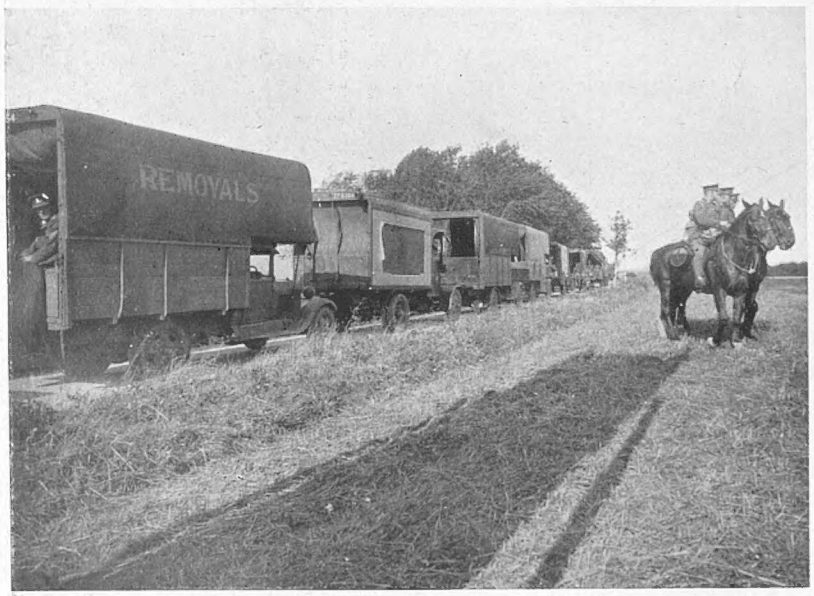
HIGH AND DRY: The obsolete submarine, *L 52*, which broke away while being towed up the Bristol Channel and was blown ashore near Barry, Glamorgan. Owing to low tides salvage work was not at first possible

LIFE-SAVING ADVICE: Mrs. Campbell Black (Florence Desmond) loaded with thermos flasks as she arrived at Hatfield Aerodrome to see her husband off on his attempt to break the England to the Cape record. The flight ended disastrously in the Sudan when the 'plane crashed in flames, but Mr. Campbell Black, who on his wife's insistence carried a parachute, made a safe descent near the Nile

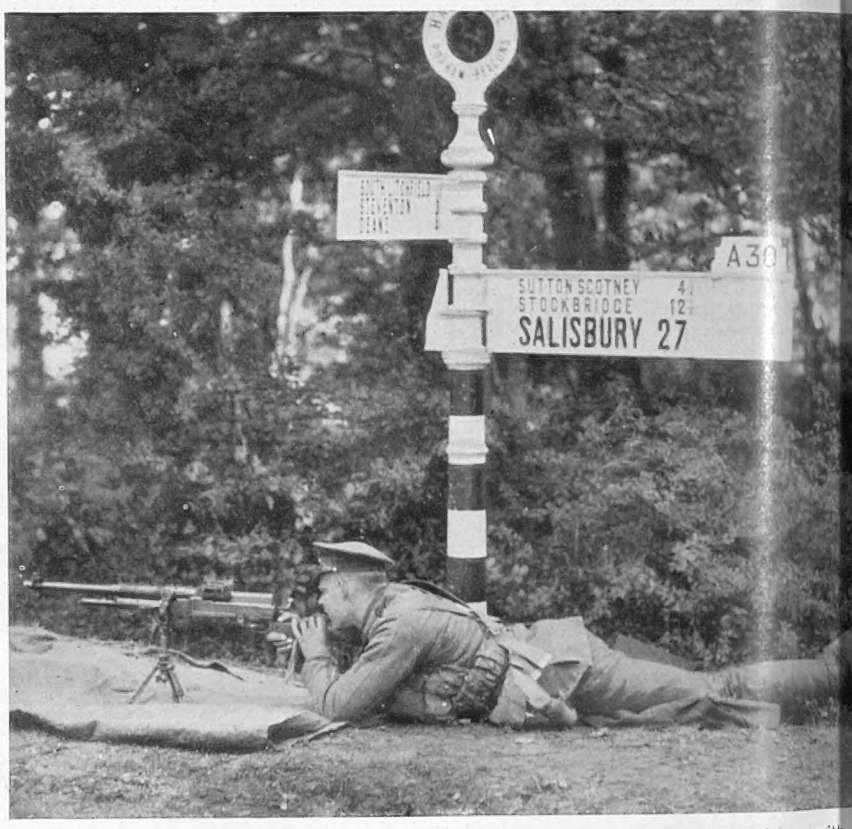
40,000 EASTLAND AND WESTLAND TROOPS FIGHT A THREE-DAY BATTLE

STUDYING THE LATEST TROOP MOVEMENTS: Field-Marshal Sir Archibald Montgomery-Massingberd (*left*), Chief of the Imperial General Staff, who directed the mimic battle which was waged last week between the 1st and 2nd Divisions (Eastland) under General Sir Francis Gathorne-Hardy, and the 3rd and 4th Divisions (Westland) under General Sir Cyril Deverell. It was assumed for the purposes of the manœuvres that a valuable mineral area lay within a neutral zone between the States of Eastland and Westland, and it was on this disputed area that the two armies advanced simultaneously from opposite directions. The subsequent clash was greatly in favour of Westland which, when the order to cease fire was given, was threatening the enemy both in flank and rear

EASTLAND AND WESTLAND FACE TO FACE! A small detachment of General Sir Francis Gathorne-Hardy's men meets a slightly larger body of the enemy in a lane near Whitchurch, one of the most important "cities" in the "mineral area," which was taken and re-taken several times during the three days. An umpire who happened to ride up during this skirmish adjudged the smaller force to have been captured

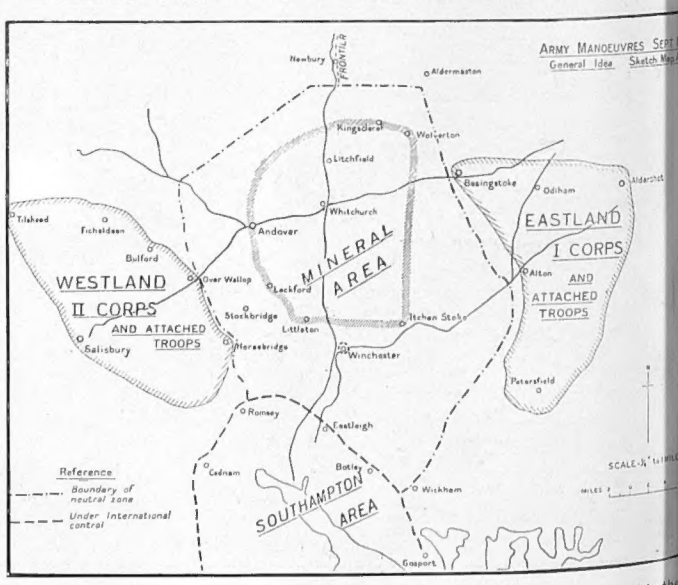


PREPARING FOR THE GREAT OFFENSIVE: Lorries commandeered at the last moment in order to rush Westland troops forward in time to corner the enemy



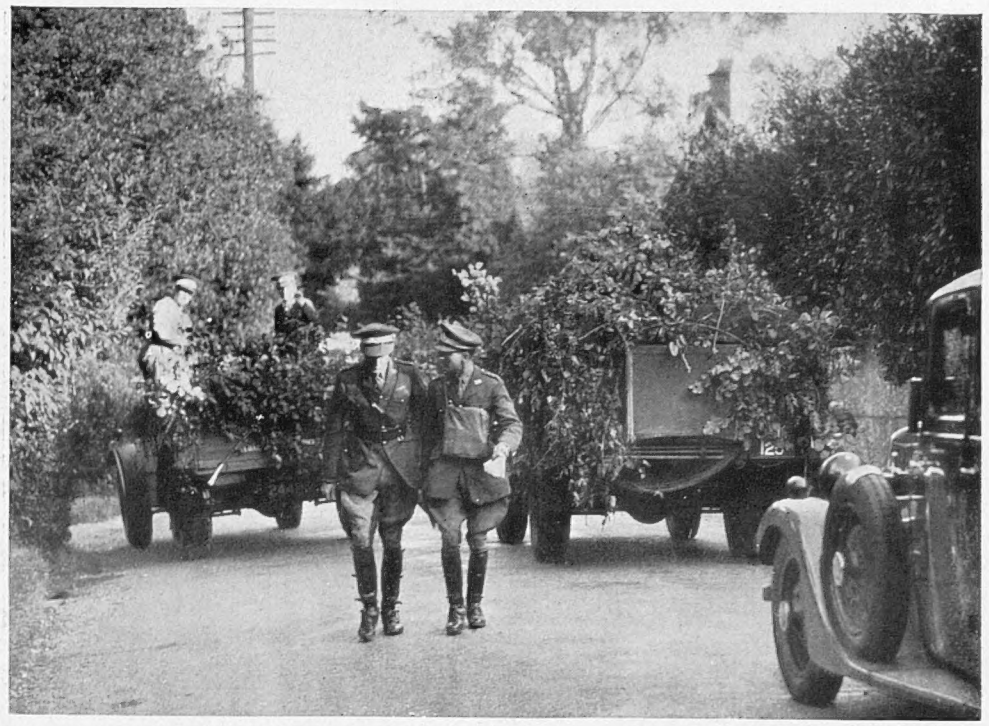
SCENE OF DESPERATE ENCOUNTERS: A Coldstream Guardsman with an anti-tank gun sweeping converging roads a few miles from Sutton Scotney, the village where the 3rd Division (Westland) and the 2nd Division (Eastland) came into contact on the third day of the manœuvres and where the latter was forced into a desperate position

THE LAST HOPE: A tank going through Micheldever on the way to check the victorious advance of the Westlanders. These monsters played only a minor part in the manœuvres until the afternoon of the last day when both forces launched successful attacks, creating much hypothetical havoc



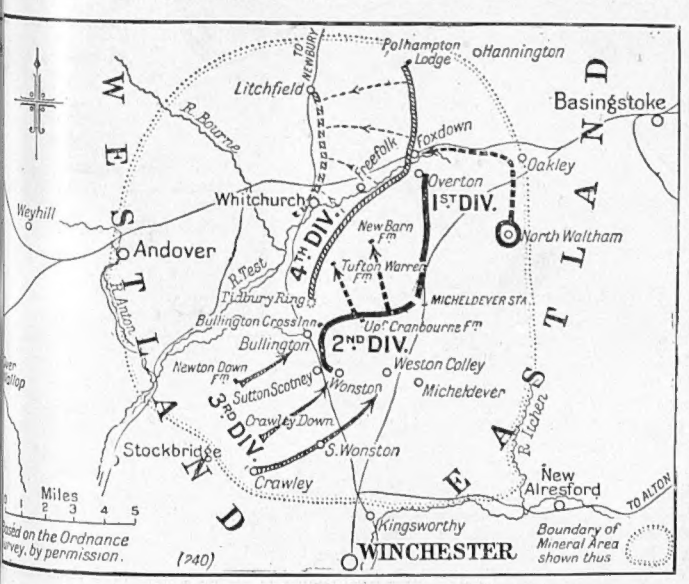
BEFORE AND AFTER: (*Left*) A sketch-map showing the position prior to the on a neutral zone within which was the valuable mineral area both with the advantage on the side of the Westlanders whose 3rd Division

Special "Sphere" Pictures of Last Week's Manœuvres in Sussex, Hampshire, and Wiltshire



ADVANCING INTO THE NEUTRAL ZONE: Eastland lorries camouflaged with branches of trees in order to avoid being spotted by hostile aircraft which attempted to watch all movements of troops and supplies, and report them to headquarters. For the first time in British Army manœuvres night reconaissances were made with the help of parachute flares, and the information so obtained did much to influence the course of the "war" and to assist the two commanders in their tasks

THE TAKING OF SUTTON SCOTNEY: A mounted umpire (*left*) looks on as troops enter the village accompanied by a tank which is presumed to be clearing the way for their advance with machine-gun fire. The two men on the bank on the right are enemy soldiers captured during the attack and instructed to take no further part



outbreak of hostilities, with the States of Eastland and Westland bordering nations coveted. *Right*) A map illustrating how the "war" ended outflanked the Eastlanders and forced them to occupy a dangerous salient

Pictures by William Davis

THE ARMY'S NEW QUICK-FIRING GUN IN ACTION: Men with the Bren which has recently been introduced to supersede the Lewis, as it is lighter in weight and less liable to jam. It is of Czechoslovakian design, but is being made in this country at the Royal Small Arms Factory at Enfield

ANOTHER MYSTERY FINANCIER: Mr. Leo Chertok, an American who claims to have an oil and mineral concession from the Abyssinian Government. He arrived in England last week and had a two hours' conference with Dr. Martin, the Ethiopian Minister in London

A SPLIT IN LABOUR'S RANKS: Mr. J. Compton, Mr. W. L. Robinson (Chairman of the Socialist National Executive), and Mr. W. P. Smith, arriving for the emergency meeting called on September 19 at Transport House, Westminster, following the resignation of Lord Ponsonby from the leadership of the Socialist Party in the House of Lords and the resignation of Sir Stafford Cripps from the Executive

MARY BRIAN MAKES HER MARK: The well-known film star leaving the impression of her shoes in the cement forecourt of a new London housing estate which she visited recently

"THE GENTSTABLES": Two members of the first batch of thirty-one graduates from the Metropolitan Police College at Hendon, who reported for duty at Scotland Yard last week

THE WANDERING JEW: Herr Jacob, a German-Jewish journalist, who was recently abducted from Switzerland by Nazi agents but, following protests from the Swiss authorities, was sent back to Switzerland. Jacob has now been deported to France

FROM AFFLUENCE TO POVERTY: Amy Sherwin, an Australian soprano who once enjoyed great popularity but who died last week at the age of eighty-one leaving no money to pay for her room at the Bromley nursing home where she spent her last days

LABOUR TO-DAY

A Review of the Socialist Party's Position on the Eve of its Thirty-Fifth Annual Conference

ON Monday next the Thirty-fifth Annual Conference of the Labour Party opens at Brighton. It would be idle to pretend that the Socialist leaders are looking forward to it as a happy occasion, for although it is whistling very hard and loud to keep its spirits up the "movement" is faced with many troubles and anxieties. Policy to be adopted with regard to the Italian-Abyssinian dispute is but one of them. Others are the "boring-within" tactics of the Communist Party, the dominating power of the trade unions over the Party, and the difficulty of producing a policy that will convince the electorate at the General Election that it would be better off under Socialism than under the National Government.

The Annual Report of the Labour Party shows that there are now 381,259 individual members of the Party. Of these 222,777 are men and 158,482 women, and it is claimed that this is the highest point that individual membership has yet reached. But they and their voting power are hopelessly over-shadowed by the affiliated membership, which stands at 1,897,231, a slight decline on the previous year. Of this figure, no less than 1,857,524 is trade union affiliation, which means that the unions will dominate the Conference. Further, money talks, and of the £38,075 received by the Party in affiliation fees last year, £30,790 came from the unions. The Report rather naturally does not emphasise this fact, nor does it remind the reader of the very remarkable decline in recent years of the total strength of the Labour Party. In 1918 it had 3,013,000 members, and in 1920, the peak year, over 4,000,000. By 1928 it had declined to just over 2,000,000, four years later it showed no improvement, and to-day, after four years in opposition—always supposed to be the period in which a party gains strength—it has only 2,178,000 members.

Geneva and Italy will, of course, be a dominating issue at the Conference, just as they were at the Trades Union Congress at Margate early in September. At Brighton, however, it is not likely to be a simple matter of voting heavily in favour of sanctions and war if necessary, for opposition to war as an instrument of policy is much more highly developed in the political side of the movement. The resignations of Lord Ponsonby and Sir Stafford Cripps, and the pronouncements of Mr. George Lansbury and Lord Arnold, are indications of something that will be very evident next week—a wide divergence of opinion on international policy. The report of the Party Executive is not likely to be of much help to the delegates.

The Communists and other "left-wingers" are certain to cause trouble on this question, as they will on others, for they propose to renew their challenge to the Party leaders. At the Trades Union Congress the Communists suffered a severe defeat, but at Brighton they will be working with greater strength and to some degree in co-operation with the I.L.P. and the Socialist League. All three groups want to force a "United Front" policy on the Labour Party, and their penetration of the local party organisations is much more considerable than the Socialist leaders would admit. A few weeks ago a leading Communist said that "in the course of the next twelve months the Communist Party will have become a living and integral part of the Labour Party." That may be a boast, but it is quite certain that next week's Conference will show the strength of the extremists in the "movement." They are particularly dangerous and troublesome to the leaders at the present time, who are so anxious to make the electorate believe that Socialism is quite, quite evolutionary, and not a bit revolutionary.

Behind the scenes at the Conference there will be a struggle for power between the political and trade union leaders. It is the considered opinion of persons prominent in both sections of the movement that a large-scale clash in the near future is inevitable. At Margate the trade unions swung to the "Right," and moderation triumphed. Next week a determined attempt will be made to swing the Labour Party to the "Left" and to force the adoption of a more revolutionary policy. If this happens the trade unions, who are also the paymasters, will make things very unpleasant for the Socialist Executive. The trade unions no longer really have any use for revolutionary methods or any faith in mass-strike action. They recognise what the political leaders studiously disregard, namely, the steady progress of the British people in recent years under the present economic system.

It is this progress that has created another problem for the Socialist propagandists. If things had gone badly since the advent of the National Government they would be in clover, but their appeal to the electors to scrap a government that has meant four years of steady improvement rings very false, so much so that in certain of their recent pamphlets they have resorted to gross exaggeration and misrepresentation of figures to support a very poor case. "Over 2,000,000 unemployed," shouts one Labour poster—a statement which is quite untrue; while a pamphlet alleges that the present Government instituted the "means test"—a statement that is equally untrue. But the figures tell a story that no propaganda can conceal. When the last Socialist Government took office there were 10,166,000 people in work and 1,176,000 out of work. When it went out of office there were 9,196,000 people in work and 2,813,000 out of work. Since August 1931 the number of workless has fallen by close on 1,000,000, while the number of people at work has risen by 1,400,000.

It is such figures as these, and the increased savings of the working-class investors, that make the framing of the Socialist election programme so difficult. The delegates at Brighton will be full of ideas, the Left Wing will talk out of its turn, the National Government will be denounced, but the executive will be no nearer a programme that will catch a sufficiency of votes. Since March this body has been challenged again and again from the platform and the press to state its plans for dealing with the savings of small investors, which total £4,000,000,000 but it has remained silent on this vital question. Perhaps it is not surprising.

Writing three years ago in THE SPHERE I said that there was an eternal awful sameness about Labour Party conferences and programmes, and I think this remark will be equally accurate if applied to next week's Conference. The same old denunciations of Capitalism. The same old talk of "A Nation without Poverty—Labour's Plans for Organising a Prosperous Britain." The same old trotting out of the bogey-man of "The Banks and the Financial Octopus," vanquished of course by "Labour's Financial Policy." One can at least admire the Left Wing for producing a few new ideas even if they are revolutionary. They do help to enliven the proceedings, but nothing is likely to happen next week to provide a contradiction to Mr. Maxton's statement last month that "the Labour Party bosses are still unfitted to govern the country safely and intelligently." Or to provide the answer to a Socialist writing recently in the Socialist paper *Forward* who asked, "What guarantee have any of us that Socialism will come out of the struggle that is anticipated, or that the 'trial and error' of what is vaguely called the transitional period will not prove to contain an intolerable proportion of error?"

J. Baker White

News from the Provinces

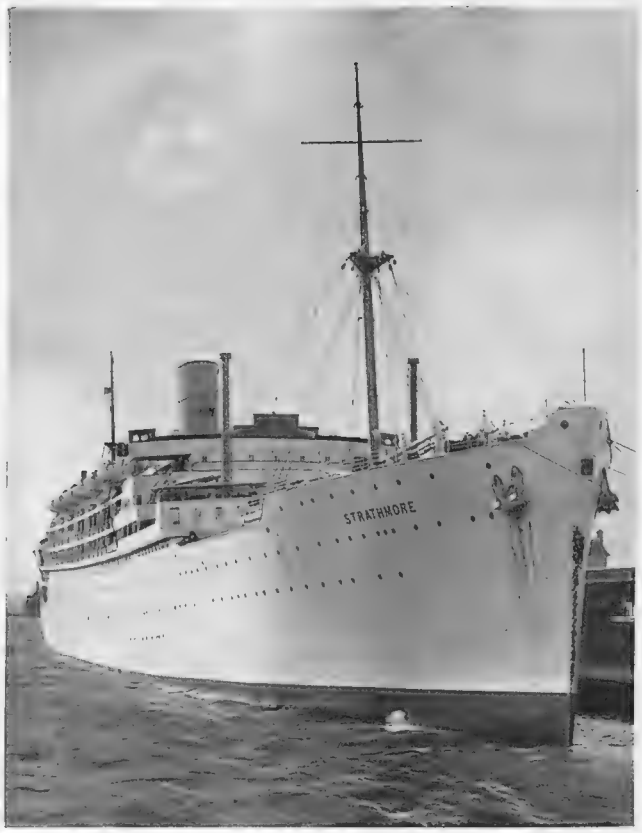
THE LIQUORICE HARVEST: A market gardener gathering the roots at Baghill, Pontefract, Yorkshire—a district noted for the production of this plant which is used in the manufacture of the famous "Pontefract Cakes," the brewing of porter, and for medical and other purposes. In a deep, rich, loose soil, well trenched and well manured, the roots often penetrate to a depth of a yard

A SHORT CUT IN THE HIGHLANDS: Work in progress on the construction of the approach road to the new bridge over Loch Awe, Argyllshire, which when completed, will lessen considerably the journey from Inverary to Oban

TERRITORIAL ARMY ARTILLERY IN COMPETITION: A 9·2-in. gun being fired at Penlee, overlooking Plymouth Sound, where the 168th Battery, Kent and Sussex Heavy Brigade R.A.; the 187th Battery, Durham Heavy Brigade; and the 167th Battery, Thames and Medway Heavy Brigade competed last week for the King's Cup. The target, which could not be seen with the naked eye on account of the adverse weather conditions, was at 8,000 yards range and represented a cruiser 300 ft. long, 90 ft. in beam, and 30 ft. in freeboard. The batteries fired six rounds from each of their two guns, using 380 lb. shells with a three-quarter charge of 90 lb. of cordite. The 168th Battery were the winners, and they cut the target in two with their final salvo. Their last success in this contest was in 1927

Shipbuilding During the Reign

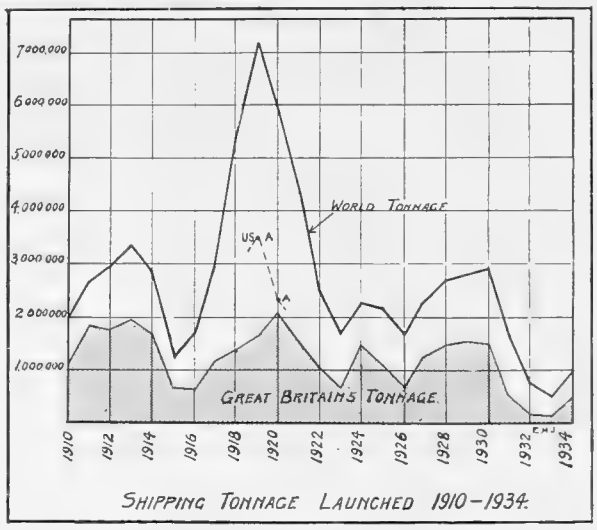
Britain's Long-Continued Supremacy Among the Nations



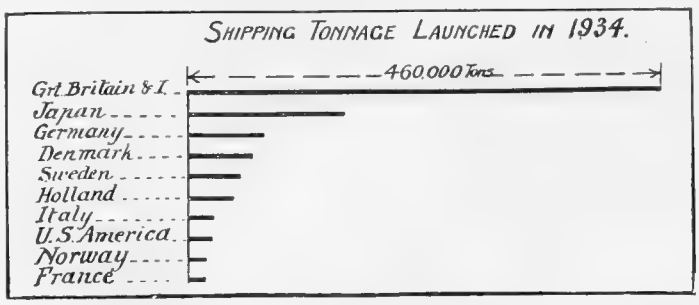
THE PRIDE OF THE P. AND O. FLEET: The 28,000-ton liner *Strathmore* which recently ran her trials over the Arran measured mile and handsomely exceeded her contract speed of 20 knots. She is the largest and fastest ship ever built for the Europe-India service

WHAT has been Great Britain's record for shipbuilding during the twenty-five years of King George's illustrious reign? With all its ups and downs, including the catastrophic events of the great war, it is one to be proud of. One of the accompanying graphs shows this clearly.

Over the twenty-five years she produced 28,500,000 tons—an average of 1,150,000 tons per annum—or 43½ per cent. of the world's total of 66,000,000 tons. Although the position at the end of that period shows a construction of only about a quarter of the maximum in 1920, still the second graph shows the enormous lead that Britain has taken over all other countries for the year 1934. During that year 536 merchant vessels, totalling 968,000 tons, using figures in round thousands—were launched, of which we produced 460,000 tons, or 47½ per cent. of the total. This compares with only 26 per cent. in 1932, to which figure it had dropped from the high one of 54 per cent. in 1929. The tonnage owned by Great Britain at present is about 31 per cent. of the world's total. Taking the net increase in the world's output for 1934 over 1933, this amounted to no less than 478,000 tons, or nearly 98 per cent. Britain's share of this increase was 68 per cent., or equal to the rest of the world put together.



UPS AND DOWNS OF AN INDUSTRY: A graph showing Britain's large share in the world total of mercantile shipping tonnage constructed between 1910 and 1934. The dotted line indicates the high water mark of shipbuilding in the United States in 1919, 1920, and 1921, but except for this period Britain has always been in the lead



BRITAIN'S POSITION TO-DAY: The tonnage owned by this country is about 31 per cent. of the world's total, and, as this diagram reveals, the tonnage launched by us in 1934 was far in excess of that of any other nation. Japan was second and Germany was third

The relation of steam propelled ships to motor- or oil engine-driven vessels was 41 per cent. to 59 per cent. Of the former Britain produced 69 per cent., and of the latter only 33 per cent., showing clearly that, while the steamer still holds its own in this country, the motor ship is much more favoured abroad. This is rather natural when one considers all the circumstances affecting such discrimination.

At the beginning of the present year four countries each had over 100,000 tons under construction in the following order: Great Britain, 597,000 tons; Germany, 140,000 tons; France, 121,000 tons; and Japan, 105,000 tons. The amount of tonnage laid down in 1934 exceeded by 227,000 tons that of ships launched during that year, showing a fair renewal of activity, but still a long way to go before reaching former and more normal years.

The year of the King's accession, 1910, was rather a black year for the industry, but during that year the giant of those times, the *Olympic* was launched—now sold for £100,000 to be broken up—and her sister ship the *Titanic*, which met her fate on an Atlantic iceberg, was laid down. The outstanding ships since then have been that wonderful record-breaker the *Mauretania*, also to be broken up, her sister ship the *Lusitania* of war tragedy fame, and the *Aquitania*, to be followed last year by the launch of the *Queen Mary*, which will almost certainly regain for Britain the "blue ribbon" of the Atlantic.

Among recent new ships the most notable is the *Strathmore* launched at Barrow by the Duchess of York and just completed her trials. This fine liner is the largest ship built for the P. and O. Company during the 100 years which have elapsed since the date of that Company's origin, and will be the largest and fastest vessel ever built for the Europe-India service. She is 630 ft. long, and has steam turbine machinery developing 24,000 h.p.

Probably the busiest shipyard in the country is that of Harland and Wolff, whose stocks at Belfast and on the Clyde are very fully occupied with various types of ships. These include six new vessels for the Union Castle Line. The *Rothesay Castle* is one of two refrigerated motor cargo ships, while they have also in hand two 25,000-ton mail and passenger ships, and two 15,000-ton intermediate passenger vessels, besides many others.

Quite a number of Empire food ships have recently been commissioned or are underconstruction, including six of the motor ship *Waiwera* class for Shaw, Savill and Albion for the carriage of refrigerated produce on Empire trade routes. These are of about 11,000 tons, with Diesel engines of 12,000 h.p. The Blue Star Line are having built six twin-screw refrigerated cargo and passenger ships of over 10,000 tons each. The *Imperial Star*—the first of five of these being built by Harland and Wolff—is a good example of these smart vessels fitted with every appliance for the rapid handling of cargo.

Then there are a number of new oil tankers being added to existing fleets, such as *San Alvaro*, built by Swan Hunter and Wigham Richardsons on the Tyne for the Eagle Oil Company. The launching ceremony of this ship was performed by a little chap of four years of age who had to be lifted up to reach the operating trigger. A similar vessel, the *San Ambrosio*, built by Hawthorns Leslie, also on the Tyne, is for the Mexican Oil Company. These ships are 442 ft. long and will carry about 11,000 tons deadweight. They are driven by a 4,000-h.p. Diesel engine giving a speed of 12 knots.

As an indication of the utmost use being made of the heat generated in these engines, the exhaust gases from the main engines can be passed into the furnaces of a separate boiler to raise steam for all the auxiliary machinery in the ship.

Speaking of oil and steam-driven ships the layman can hardly realise the titanic struggle which has, during King George's reign, been carried on between the respective advocates of the two systems.

Oil and water never did assimilate. In another sense oil as a motive power and steam (or evaporated water) are antagonistic. Millions of money are involved, and the best engineering brains of the world are engaged in this ding-dong battle for supremacy of the seas. Incidentally, the steam may be generated with either coal or oil as the heat-producing fuel, but steam is nevertheless the propulsive power used.

Oil started with its big advantage of a much lower fuel consumption and running costs, but against this was its higher first cost of machinery still one of its great disadvantages—its lower reliability, and its vibration troubles in the case of passenger ships. To counter this the reciprocating steam engine rapidly gave place to the more economical steam turbine, combined with higher steam pressures and temperatures, thereby reducing its handicap on that score, while still retaining its other advantages.

With increased experience oil engines became more reliable, and were made in increasingly larger sizes, and better balanced. But the steam engineers have been able to produce other cards. Steam pressures have been increased from about 200 lb. of twenty-five years ago to over 400 lb. per square inch, and the steam superheated to over 700 deg. F.

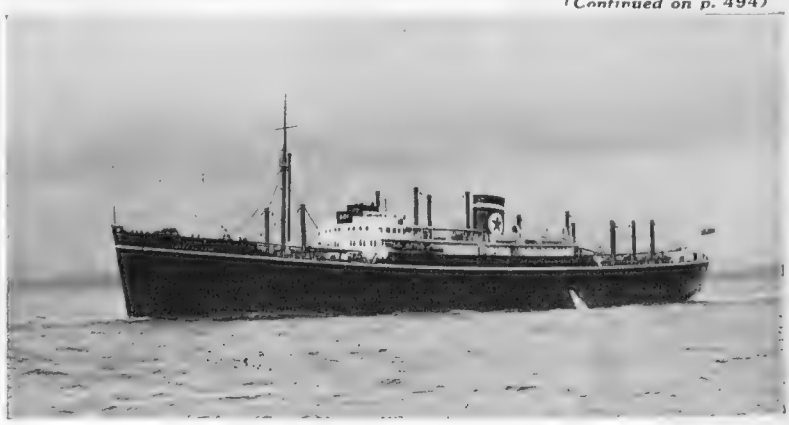
Talking of pressures, the Germans have fitted their *Scharnhorst* with boilers generating steam at 720 lb. pressure and 878 degrees F. superheated steam temperature, at which steel is a dull red hot, while her sister ship now under construction has four Benson boilers to work at 1,150 lb. A pressure as high as 3,200 lb. was tried for five years in the Hamburg-Amerika liner, *Uckermark*, but has since been much reduced. The relatively small gain in economy is more than counterbalanced by the high first cost and heavy maintenance.

These super boilers consist of tubes only, the water going in at one end and leaving the other end as highly superheated, super-high-pressure steam. Paradoxically, danger from explosion is greatly reduced. The British Admiralty are at present trying out another make of these super boilers, the Velox. With such boilers full steam pressure can be raised "from cold" in the incredible time of only a few minutes, compared with several hours of a few years ago.

Apart from high pressures however other forms of improvement on the steam side included such as heating the air as well as the water admitted to the boilers, more efficient valve gears, improved reduction gears enabling steam turbines and propellers respectively to be run at their most economical rotative speeds. For moderate powers a combination of the older type of compound reciprocating engine with a steam turbine driven by the exhaust steam from the reciprocating engine has given remarkable results. Many German steam trawlers are fitted so.

All these factors, especially the use of increased pressures, combined with higher speeds, have reduced the weight, size, and space occupied by steam units to an extent almost unbelievable even five years ago, resulting in allowing more cargo

(Continued on p. 494)



CARGO LINER DE LUXE: The 10,670-ton motor vessel, *Imperial Star*, which was launched from Messrs. Harland and Wolff's Belfast yard in October 1934. She is one of several modernly-equipped passenger-carrying cargo ships ordered by the Blue Star Line for the New Zealand and Australian trade

Shipping in Distress

Mountainous Seas Create Havoc in the English Channel
The "Brompton Manor" Loses Her Captain

TWO OF THE MANY MISHAPS: *Left*—A coastal steamer driven ashore and embedded in the mud near Southampton. *Right*—M. Moletet, and M. and Mme Robert Laroue Varrere (the owners) seen on board the yacht *Abdallah Et Dahar* after being towed into Shoreham harbour following the failure of their auxiliary engine during the height of last week's Channel gales. They drifted helplessly for some hours until a passing vessel came to their assistance. M. Varrere is a well-known French artist and sailing enthusiast

LIMPING INTO PORT: The 1,735-ton Cardiff steamer, *Brompton Manor*, proceeding slowly towards Southampton after her captain, Captain H. A. Turner of Bristol, had been washed overboard from the shattered bridge and drowned, and the vessel had taken a thirty-degree list as a result of the shifting of the deck cargo. The *Brompton Manor* was formerly commanded by Captain A. J. Kane, who at the time of writing is still in a Spanish prison awaiting a free pardon following a sentence of three years' imprisonment for "forcibly resisting the police" at Port Mahon, Minorca

Tragedy at Ile de Ré

The Little Island off the Western Coast of France where the "Martinière" Embarks the Convicts Condemned to Imprisonment in the Settlements of Guiana

LET me tell this story as simply and as soberly as possible. Last week I spent two glorious summer days at the quaint old port of St. Martin, one of the gems of historic France, capital of the tiny Ile de Ré. It is just the out-of-the-way spot, primitive, picturesque, unspoilt, which one would choose for the holiday of one's dreams.

Yet when I was there it was pervaded by a restless, morbid atmosphere. Mauricet, with whom I dined in a quayside café, called it "The Gateway to Hell."

He spoke of what he knew, for he sailed from St. Martin to spend ten years as a convict in Guiana. I did not need to ask him what those ten years had meant. I saw in him a man who had passed through such depths of misery, anxiety, suffering, cruelty, despair, and bitterness that he was no longer quite human. Occasionally one meets a dog which has been treated with persistent cruelty; one recognises the pitiful, propitiatory cringing which can change in a moment to a dangerous, self-defensive, warning snarl. It is terrible to recognise these signs in the eyes of a fellow human being.

In the clustering quay-side cafés, thick with tobacco smoke, I met men in tropical khaki uniforms, who recounted me incredible—and for the most part unprintable—anecdotes of murder, violence, and vice. Gaolers of the Penal Settlement, who shall blame if they made the most of their last night in France? A few hours later I saw them sail with 663 murderers, parricides, bandits, swindlers, thieves, and cut-throats aboard the *Martinière*.

Beneath a sweltering September sun a company of Senegalese troops, with self-inflicted scars striping their coal-black faces, fixed bayonets, and ostentatiously loaded their rifles before the convicts paraded in the prison yard.

The curious serried stamp and shuffle of the convicts' heavy clogs on the cobble-stones caused a great "Ah" to go up from the thousands of men, women, and children who lined the harbour and craned from every bursting window.

GOODBYE TO HOME AND BEAUTY: Convicts in the tender in which they are taken out to the waiting prison ship, *Martiniere*, in St. Martin's Harbour, Ile de Ré

Here and there a likeable face stood out from the mass—moments of weakness or anger, and they now found themselves on the road of the damned. But the majority were not men—they were beasts ready to fawn or to snap savagely if they saw the chance. Law-breaking and punishment for such undeveloped, anti-social beings as these is only a vicious circle of reprisal and counter-reprisal.

Man and God alike spurned them. The prison chaplain told me that he felt he could not pronounce the customary benediction before their departure, as the night before, singing and shouting in revolt, they had tried to break down the doors. The chief warder had received the contents of a garbage pail on his head; a convict who tried to butt a warder in the stomach was concussed with a kick on the head ("legitimate self-defence," if by accident the matter should come before a magistrate). The outbreak was finally quelled with fire hoses. Ten men were left behind in the prison hospital.

An epileptic broke from the ranks and fell writhing with clenched fists and foaming mouth at my feet. A fellow prisoner stopped to pillow his head. The guards waited indifferently for the fit to exhaust itself, then pushed the man still twitching aboard the tender.

Then I caught sight of a real human being—suffering. Raoul Jamot. Sentenced to fifteen years, he escaped seven years ago. He found honest work in the United States and never failed to send a monthly cheque to his widowed mother in Creuse. Finally the *nostalgie du pays* overcame his caution. He returned to France and started afresh with his mother in a different part of the country. A police informer denounced him and so to-day I saw his seventy-three-year-old mother in an upper window, rocking herself in silent prayer with fervently clasped hands. "I shall never see him again," she told me later, "I have not long left to live." Below, Raoul Jamot blew her kisses.

Outcasts, degenerates, misfits—useless and dangerous to society—the few that might be capable of reform have no chance in the future that awaits them: prison camps amidst tropical jungles in a country subject to a seven months' rainy season and in which an umbrella is always necessary. The death rate is appalling. Those who live to complete their sentence must then remain an equal number of years in Guiana as free men. The object of this *doublage* is to open up the colony. Theoretically the freed men start their lives afresh and make their fortunes by honest work. But even if they had received the necessary training for the life of a pioneer *there is no work*. The few trading companies out there prefer convict labour because it costs them nothing, whereas a free man wants a living wage. So the free men have the choice of honesty and starvation or crime and food. No wonder they commit crime after crime in order to get back to prison and food, raiment and shelter.

Theoretically, account is taken of the previous personal history of each man and of the crime which he committed. In practice all are thrown together in the common cesspool of vice and immorality. Madness, suicide or death from exhaustion overtake the weak. The strong brave the terrors of escape. In the jungle camp clearings, guards sit with rifles unslung, watching the convicts listlessly at work. If a would-be runaway is killed by those rifles, he is lucky. Poisonous snakes and wild animals roam the jungles, while death-ray fish haunt the streams. Barely 1 per cent. of runaways make good their escape.

Every Frenchman agrees that transportation should be abolished. But what can be done? Deputies and senators are simply unable to meet a tithe of all their constituents' demands for legislation in favour of this industry or that local interest now experiencing the depths of *la crise*. Convicts have no votes. They can wait a bit longer—safely out of sight—in hell. And we go on bothering about slavery in Abyssinia.

Jossleyn Hennessy

The Church in Ethiopia

A Faith that is a Strange Admixture of Judaism, Christianity, aud Negro Superstition

THE story of the introduction of Christianity into Abyssinia and the chequered history of her Church is a fascinating one. Long before our ancestors had heard of Jesus of Nazareth, the Ethiopians, or Abyssinians as they are more generally called, had accepted the Christian faith and Christians they have remained to this day. True, we may regard their Christianity as very primitive, their theology narrow and cramped, and their services crude. Nevertheless, one has to admit that in their worship and adherence to their Church the people are sincere.

A MECCA OF CHRISTIAN ETHIOPIANS: The Abyssinian Church in Jerusalem which is visited every year by thousands of pilgrims

The Abyssinians claim that the Queen of Sheba was one of their monarchs and through Menelik, the son she bore to King Solomon, the rulers of Abyssinia claim descent to this day. The Bible records the Queen of Sheba's visit to Solomon, and the land of Ethiopia is mentioned several times in the Old Testament. Whether the Queen of Sheba had a son by Solomon from whom the rulers of the country have sprung one cannot say. It is founded on tradition many centuries old.

The story told by the Abyssinians themselves is as follows: "Solomon," they say, "was a doctor, a healer, a learned man who had the power to cure, a *hakim*. And the Queen suffered from a short, distorted right foot. Her journey to Jerusalem was made to see whether Hakim Solomon could help her, and naturally she carried presents to him. The child that was born to them was Menelik. Solomon educated the lad in Jerusalem until he was nineteen years old, when the boy returned to Ethiopia with a large group of Jews, taking with him the true Ark of the Covenant."

Many believe that this Ark is now in some church along the present northern boundary of the country near Adowa, or Aksum. If it is here, it has been so well guarded by the priests that no traveller from the western world has been able to confirm or deny the legend. There were undoubtedly Jews in the country prior to the Captivity. At that time quite a number settled in Ethiopia, where they established their monotheistic religion. Judaism is still strong in some parts of the country. Here the Jewish Sabbath is observed as well as the Christian Sunday. Circumcision is practised, and so are the kosher form of slaughter of animals and the avoidance of unclean food.

How the country came to accept the Christian faith is quite a romantic story. Some 300 years after the birth of Christ, in A.D. 330, there set out from Tyre on a missionary tour a monk, named Meropius. He was accompanied by several companions including a youth, named Frumentius. The party was shipwrecked and the monk and his companions were all killed except the lad Frumentius, who found himself a stranger in the Ethiopian capital. His superior education and knowledge attracted attention, and he was appointed tutor to the then youthful king. Frumentius quickly won his pupil over to Christianity and it was not long before many members of the Court were also converted. Frumentius realised that the new converts would need guidance so he went to Alexandria where the Patriarch, hearing of his success, consecrated him first Bishop of Abyssinia, and sent him back with a band of helpers to establish and organise a church.

The Ethiopian Church is a branch of the Coptic, or Egyptian Church, and from the time of Frumentius right down to the present day, with one remarkable break, the Ethiopian Metropolitan has always been appointed from Egypt. That break occurred in the Middle Ages, during an attempt to bring the country under the spiritual authority of the Pope. The king was killed, the Catholics were driven out, and the Ethiopian Church resumed its allegiance to Alexandria. Over and over again, however, Abyssinian rulers have been anxious to nominate one of their own people to the ecclesiastical throne, but have never been able. The Patriarch of Alexandria has always refused to consecrate more than seven bishops at a time, and as ten is the canonical number for the election of a primate, the Ethiopian Church has been unable to elect an independent primate of its own. Most historians are agreed that it has been just as well that the Copts retained control of the higher offices in the Ethiopian Church. Their close connection with the Mother Church in Egypt has kept the Church purer than it would have been if it had been left to shift for itself.

The Abyssinians agree generally with the Copts in religious ritual and regard it as a sacred duty to make the pilgrimage to Jerusalem. The Abyssinians maintain quite a colony in the Holy City. They are represented in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre within the city walls, while outside the ramparts they have one of the finest church buildings in Jerusalem. All the members of the present Royal Family and those of the leading nobility have

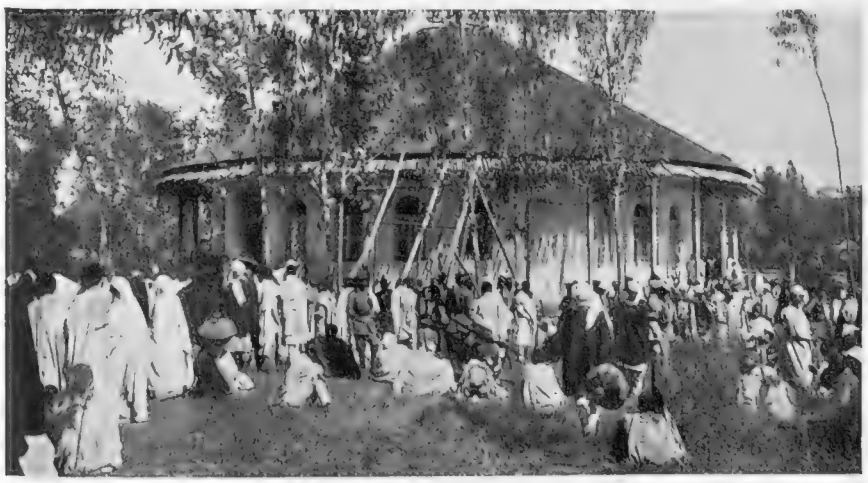
(*Con. p.* 494)

A ROYAL PILGRIM: The Empress Menen (in white cape) outside the Ethiopian convent on the banks of the Jordan which she opened during her visit to the Holy Land in 1933. The device above the entrance represents the Lion of Judah

Religious Life in the Black Empire

A FEAST DAY IN ADDIS ABABA: The Emperor Haile Selassie in the Royal box at a religious ceremony held recently in the capital and attended by nobles of the court, and members of the diplomatic corps and their wives. On the left is Prince Makonnen, Duke of Harar, the Emperor's second son, who, as a result of the virtual exile of his elder brother in the remote province of Dessye, has come to be regarded as the real heir to the throne. The Prince, who can speak English and French fluently and already takes an interest in the government of the country, was sent last year to the frontier railway station to greet the Crown Prince and the Crown Princess of Sweden on their arrival in Abyssinia. In spite of his youth he performed this duty with admirable self-confidence

ECCLESIASTICAL ART: A quaint and highly coloured fresco in a church at Ankobar. In the centre is an angel, on the left are the saved souls, and on the right the lost souls



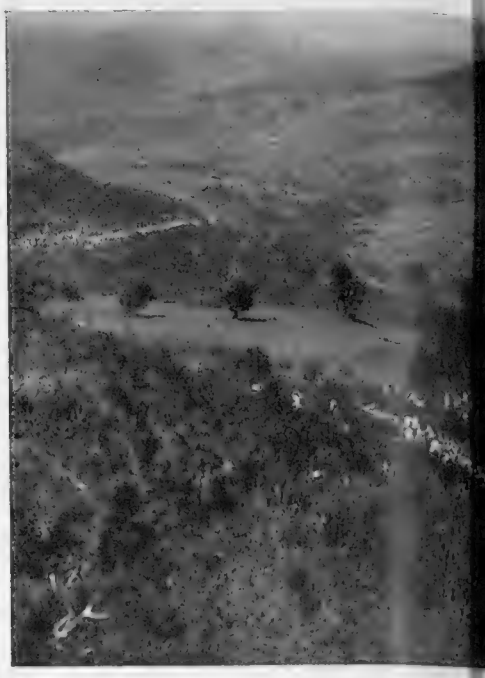
A VILLAGE CHURCH: A circular thatched hut of the type found in the provinces of Amhara and Shoa, which differs from the square or oblong places of worship in Tigré. The arrangements within are based very largely on Jewish tradition, and the walls are adorned with frescoes of the same type as those reproduced on this page

SATAN IN CHAINS: Another fresco adorning the walls of a church at Ankobar, the one-time capital of the powerful kingdom of Shoa, which is situated about ninety miles to the north-east of Addis Ababa

JOURNEY to

Scenes in and Around the Capital and the Second City of the

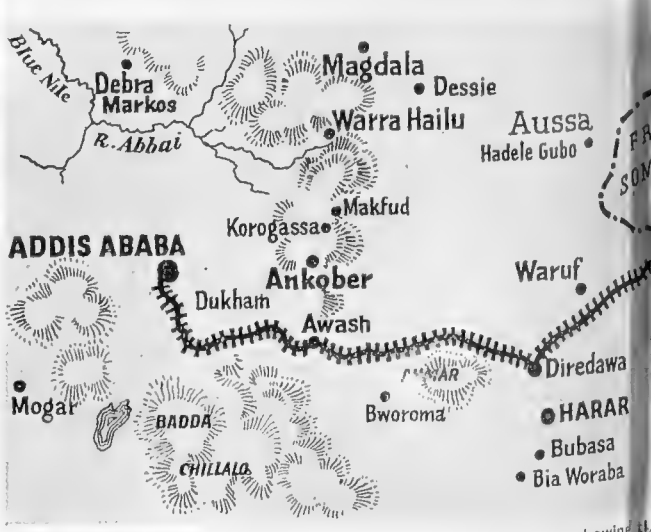
IN THE HIGHLANDS: A native interpreter and his pony in typical wooded country near the Ogaden capital. This picture, together with the others reproduced on this page, was taken by Mr. H. G. C. Swayne, during a recent journey which he made to Harar from Zeila, a port of British Somaliland. The article below, however, describes the approach to the city via the Addis Ababa-Jibuti Railway



THE GRASSLANDS OF OGADEN: Undulating country between the desolate western plains of British Somaliland and the Harar highlands

ONE OF THE FIVE GATES OF HARAR: A picture that gives an idea of the dilapidated appearance of this city which was founded in the twelfth century by Hararic Mussulmans from Arabia. For 800 years Harar was self-governing, but in 1890 it was stormed by Ras Makonnen, the father of Haile Selassie, and brought under Ethiopian rule. Its original walls are still standing

STREET SCENE: A narrow road running round the inside of the walls of Harar. To-day the city is crowded with people of every Abyssinian type, whereas before its conquest, 45 years ago, it was almost entirely restricted to Mussulmans. The population is 30,000



ETHIOPIA'S ONLY LINK WITH THE SEA: A sketch map showing the Harar in relation to the Addis Ababa Railway, the country's main artery

In recent issues of THE SPHERE *accounts have been given of the antiquities and geographical features of the Northern and Western provinces of Ethiopia, and an attempt has been made to describe the manners and customs of the inhabitants. The following notes, which are taken from Mr. Ladislas Farago's excellent book, "Abyssinia on the Eve" (Putnam. 10s. 6d.), deal with the eastern area surrounding the Addis Ababa-Jibuti Railway and particularly with Harar, the capital of the Province of Ogaden and the birthplace of the Emperor Haile Selassie.*

REGARDING his journey to Harar Mr. Farago writes: "We were in the desert again and we had to spend a disturbed night in Awash. This time it was not the insects that grudged me a night's rest. At midnight I was awakened with a weight on my chest. I struck

HARAR

Ogaden Province thiopian Empire

a light and found that it was a lizard. I was shaken and at the same time irritated, because the station was not under Abyssinian, but French control, and it is a heinous offence for a European company to tolerate such conditions and to provide their passengers with such surprises. After Awash we came into the rainy season again, and our train had to stop frequently, unable to move against the violence of the storm. We made very slow progress for the line was flooded. The River Awash looked splendid. It had been a wide ravine when we had passed it before, but now it was a mighty river swollen by the torrents.

It is typical of the ignorance that obtains about Abyssinia that I had read in one of my travel books of melting snow rushing down from the mountains. The mountains in the country are very high, but they are never covered with snow, and there is no word for snow in the language. Snow would be an unusual sight 5 deg. north of the equator, and the rivers are flooded by the rain alone. Diredawa also welcomed us with a cloudburst. The town looked empty, and even the attack on the first-class passengers was weaker than usual, and for the next three days we were prisoners of the storm. We had wanted to travel straight on the next morning to Harar, the capital of the province of Ogaden, but we could not find a chauffeur who would undertake the journey over the flooded roads.

It did not rain on the third day but we would have been better off if it had. Now the heat was unbearable and a new plague came to keep us company, mosquitoes. Diredawa was surrounded by water and malarial mosquitoes had improvised breeding grounds in these temporary lakes. They hummed through the town in the evening and we were not sorry to continue our journey on the fourth day.

The drive from Diredawa to Harar was a memorable experience. Private cars are useless on most of Abyssinia's 'motor roads' and heavy lorries have to carry passengers as well as goods. We had to hire one of these big vehicles in Diredawa. Soon our lorry had left the valley and we were travelling quickly through big cactus woods towards the mountains. The road became more and more hazardous, and we were continually being held up by rocks that had tumbled down from the mountains, through which this natural road turned and twisted. We were now on the main road of Ethiopia. It had been built when Ras Makonnen was ruling in Harar. Ten thousand slaves had hewn it out of the mountain crags; it was a miracle of primitive road building, for these simple slaves had none of the advantages of modern engineering.

This highway was more than beautiful; it had also great strategic and political importance, for it was the only connection between the railway and the threatened province of Ogaden.

The lorry took the bends at break-neck speed, and in another hour-and-a-half we had climbed the last hill and had covered eight miles. The country was quite different now, for we were going through the Abyssinian 'granary.' Shankalas, black slaves of the rich Abyssinian peasants, were working in the fields with prehistoric ploughs pulled by zebus. Market gardens were also being cultivated with ancient tools. All round us were orange groves, coffee and cotton plantations, and well-filled gardens that cheated the low hills by being built in terraces on their slopes.

We had to travel more slowly through this less mountainous country, for the rain had damaged the sand road. We had to cross river-beds that had already dried up, but the broken stone bridges told their tale of the fury of the flood.

Then our lorry stuck fast. We could not get it out of the ruts for hours, and when we did, the same thing happened over and over again; we got out, unloaded, shoved till we were sick. We had left Diredawa at six in the morning and it was two o'clock and we had only covered twenty miles at an average of two-and-a-half miles an hour.

But every journey comes to an end, and eventually our driver pointed to a town in the distance: 'There is Harar!'

In the distance the wide town reminded me of a toy fort. It was surrounded by stout walls which could be entered only through the five gates.

The gates were wide open but the guard sprawled lazily under the arches and only the Customs officials represented authority, as the picturesque people streamed through. There were Somali and Harari women dressed in Japanese fabrics; a few Amharis, who are looked on as

(Continued on p. 494)

WELCOME SHADE: A native standing with his mule beneath the giant trees which are such a picturesque feature of many parts of Ogaden province

BEFORE ADOWA

Italy's Long-Continued Interest in Ethiopia which Began in 1882 when She Acquired Her First Foothold on the Red Sea

ITALY'S interest in Abyssinia is of long standing. For over fifty years she has been on more or less intimate terms with the Ethiopian Empire ever since she acquired her first foothold on the Red Sea at the Bay of Assab in 1882. This Bay had been bought by an Italian shipper, Signor Rubattino in 1870, from the native ruler of Raheita with the intention of making it a commercial trading station. When Italy took over Assab as a Crown colony, she gained the consent of Great Britain, by agreeing to recognise the suzerainty of Egypt over the Red Sea. It was also with British knowledge and encouragement that, two years later, Italy seized Massawa and proceeded to occupy it, after an Italian exploring party had been massacred in the Danakil country.

John, the Negus of Abyssinia, became alarmed at Italy's action, and in spite of reassurances that no further aggression was intended, hostilities were started by the Abyssinians. The Italians bore themselves well against the warrior tribesmen, and occupied Wa and Saati, repulsing the Abyssinians who lost heavily. Unfortunately a small party of Italians, about 500 strong, on its way to Saati with provisions for the garrison, was set upon by 20,000 Abyssinians and completely overwhelmed. Only one man escaped; the rest stood firm, fighting to the death.

The news of this disaster, small though the action was, caused great distress in Italy, and the British Government intervened with the Negus, endeavouring to bring about a settlement. The mission was unsuccessful and all that the British could do was to warn Italy that the Negus was preparing a huge army for a great attack in the following spring. The Negus, John, duly appeared in March 1888, before Saati, but found the Italians too strongly placed for him, the Abyssinians having experienced very heavy losses in their previous encounters with the Italians. Sickness in his army caused the Negus to turn away from the foreign enemy and to attack Menelek, King of Shoa who had not assisted him, being in the pay of Italy. But Menelek also was not to be easily overcome, and news of an invasion of his territory by the Mahdists from the Sudan, obliged the Negus to retire to the Blue Nile, where he was killed in battle in March 1889.

The death of the Negus brought about a war of succession for the throne of Abyssinia, in which Menelek was successful, largely owing to Italian support. In return for this Menelek signed the Treaty of Uccialli, on which the Italians based their subsequent claims for a protectorate over Abyssinia, from one particular clause which stated that "His Majesty, the King of Kings of Ethiopia *consents* to make use of the Government of His Majesty the King of Italy for the treatment of all questions concerning other Powers and Governments." A loan was arranged with Abyssinia and the Italian Colony on the Red Sea was named Eritrea. Italy informed the European Powers of the terms of the treaty, plainly intimating her right to a protectorate.

Italy had so far been successful and had obtained the much-desired territory on the Red Sea, fully acknowledged by the ruler of Abyssinia. But the Italian Government was too eager to push its success, and relying overmuch upon Menelek's regard for them, advanced upon Adowa, an imprudent step which had at once to be withdrawn, owing to Menelek's annoyance. By this time Menelek felt himself quite secure, having obtained complete dominance over the other claimant to the throne, and announced that he was determined to revive the old Ethiopian boundaries, from Khartum to Lake Victoria Nyanza. He also intimated that Italy had misinterpreted the Treaty of Uccialli, with such conviction that Italy decided not to press the "consent" clause and to satisfy herself with caring for her interests in Eritrea.

Great Britain had definitely recognised Abyssinia as within Italy's sphere of influence, and in return Italy recognised British rights in the Upper Nile and had assisted in fighting the Mahdist troops. On several occasions Italian armies had defeated the Mahdists, routing them with great loss in December 1893. On this occasion the Dervish force was 10,000 strong, whereas the Italians under Colonel Arimondi consisted of only 2,200 men, mostly native levies, but they fought so well that over 1,000 dervishes were slain. Kassala on the Sudan frontier was also captured and garrisoned.

But while Italy was winning battles against the dervishes, Menelek was growing more and more confident, and supported by France and Russia, renounced the Treaty of Uccialli, and asserted his complete independence, in May 1893. Italy endeavoured in vain to make a fresh treaty, and the following year, a native ruler, Bath-Agos, who was definitely under their suzerainty, revolted, and intrigued with Menelek. His rising was promptly settled by Major Toselli who fought a vigorous

THE PANOPLY OF WAR: An Ethiopian chief and his elaborate headgear of silver. It will be noted that he carries a rifle in one hand and a shield in the other

action in which Bath-Agos was killed. General Baratieri, in command of Eritrea, also had succeeded against Mangasha, the ruler of Tigré, who was forced to retreat so rapidly that his whole camp was secured by the Italians. So successful was Baratieri that he determined upon the conquest of the province of Tigré and pushed forward his troops, who occupied Adowa and Aksum in April 1895. When the rainy season stopped further operations Baratieri took the opportunity of returning to Italy where he was given a great welcome. In September he was back in Eritrea apparently anticipating no great difficulty in his dream of conquest, in spite of the fact that Ras Makonnen of Harar, hitherto friendly to Italy, now openly joined Menelek.

The Italian troops continued to press south, the Abyssinians retiring before them, till a disaster occurred in December when Major Toselli's force of 2,000 men were set upon by 40,000 Abyssinians, and in spite of dauntless courage, were totally crushed, only a remnant of 300 men succeeding in getting back to the main army.

Reinforcements arrived from Italy who confidently expected Baratieri to set out upon a new campaign. A curious indecision seemed to descend upon Baratieri who let the month of January (1896) go by doing nothing, till the Italian Government finally sent out General Baldissera to supersede him and take full command. It was then that Baratieri, urged by the necessity of doing something before his successor arrived, undertook the calamitous project which resulted in the defeat at Adowa.

Menelek had not obtained an easy victory; his losses were too heavy to permit any further action, so that General Baldissera was able to relieve some outlying garrisons and to retreat beyond the Mareb. The peace negotiations which followed resulted in a treaty which annulled the Treaty of Uccialli, and definitely acknowledged the complete independence of Ethiopia. An indemnity of £400,000 was paid, a frontier line demarcated, and all prisoners were released. Eritrea was left with very much the same territory as that arranged after the Treaty of Uccialli.

No attempt was made by Italy to avenge Adowa, the people refusing to allow any more fruitless efforts incurring such waste of life. Attention was turned from Abyssinia to Tripoli, which had always been allowed by the Great Powers to be within Italy's sphere. The Turkish Empire was in no condition to resist Italy in her ambitions, and in 1912 Tripoli was handed over to Italy by the Treaty of Lausanne.

From these brief notes it will be seen that although Italy suffered a heavy blow at Adowa her troops had shown themselves capable of defeating the Abyssinian warriors on previous occasions and of making valiant resistance when faced with desperate odds. The Abyssinians were never able to pursue their victories owing to the heavy loss inflicted by the steady courage of the Italians and their native troops.

B. H.

OUTSIZE: A barefoot youth with a giant war drum

BRITAIN'S WAR ELEPHANTS

And the Part that They Played in the Historic March to Magdala

IT was not so long ago that the British fought Abyssinia.

The success of Lord (then Sir Robert) Napier who, with few more than 16,000 men, set out from Bombay and succeeded in completely defeating the Abyssinian army of 100,000, capturing the fortress of Magdala, and forcing the despotic Emperor Theodore to commit suicide, is one of the brightest pages of modern Colonial history.

Even then—it was in 1868—all sorts of ugly prophecies had been spread to discourage the Queen from engaging in the necessary punitive expedition; the British army was going to be annihilated by illness, cholera, hunger, guerrilla, mosquitoes, dysentery, small-pox, sleeping-sickness; Sir Robert would find at his own expense how unwise it was to turn against the powerful black Emperor, whose army had never been defeated.

Yet less than seven months elapsed from the moment when the Anglo-Indian forces landed at the small port of Zula (near Massawa) to the final storming and surrender of Magdala.

But although the name of Magdala is still familiar to students of Colonial history, few only remember that even the brave and strenuous fight put up by the punitive corps would not have reached such a quick victory had it not been for Sir Robert's genial conception of introducing elephants in its army, and thus impressing the Abyssinians with the idea that some unusual unconquerable force was protecting the whites.

The Negus was well armed. He had a large number of rifles and fourteen large guns, including the famous "Sebastopol," weighing over 7 tons. He had plenty of ammunition and his artillery was manned by white workmen. While Sir Robert was trying to reach Magdala from Senafe (on the plateau) where he had fixed his winter quarters, the Emperor was rushing with his troops from the west, near the Lake Tsana where he resided. The two armies were converging on Magdala. The Negus arrived first, he mounted his guns on the three hills of Fahla, Selassie, and Magdala and waited for the arrival of the British army.

What he discovered—at dawn of April 9, 1868—gave him a terrible shock. Something new, a huge grey mass which looked neither men nor animals, something which from far seemed almost like a colossal river of melted metal was literally pouring down from the Dalanta plateau towards the bottom of the valley. He adjusted his field-glasses, trying to solve the mystery, and soon the terrific truth was revealed to him. Elephants, huge, impassive, statuary elephants weighing three tons each, and each loaded with guns, were quietly descending the narrow road, almost completely sheltering the troops, unconcerned with the barrage of fire.

No human barrage could have been so impressive; no army could have been more awe inspiring to the black Emperor than this animal wall.

The Emperor could not conceal his concern. He turned round to his white captives vainly trying to hear from them a sign of encouragement. The white prisoners could see from that very moment that the Emperor's usual defiance was failing him and that a presage of defeat was obscuring his eyes.

"I will kill those animals with my own hands"—he said to his prisoners—and standing by the guns he directed the fire, but the shooting—in those nervous hands—soon became so ineffective that bullets were hitting rocks and trees instead of animals and men. Slowly, but totally unconcerned, the elephants were proceeding on their way.

"I will send my cavalry against them," shouted the Negus, giving orders that 3,000 of his picked horsemen should force the moving fortress and destroy the 4th British regiment, only 800 strong. But the elephants proved impassable even to those born warriors, who had never fought them; they seemed to suffer little or nothing from the attack. Behind them the guns and the rifles of the Anglo-Indian army gave such a severe punishment that when the battle was over more than 1,200 Abyssinian corpses could be counted.

Watching the battle from his high position the Emperor soon realised that complete defeat could be the only consequence; he rushed to Magdala, trying to put up a last defence, but it was too late. Already Sir Robert was sending his best men to the final attack, while his guns were making their first hits on the old walls of the citadel.

Four days later—on April 13—Magdala surrendered. Behind the main gate the Britishers found the dead body of the Emperor. He had shot himself. He was buried on the spot in the very presence of those elephants which had proved such a decisive factor in his defeat.

R. de L.

ETHIOPIAN TYPES

HAMITIC SUBJECTS OF THE KING OF KINGS: A married woman (*above*) and a girl of about twelve years of age (*right*); typical members of the great Galla race which invaded Ethiopia in the sixteenth century and was not subdued until the reign of the Emperor Menelek II. Some of the Gallas are Christians, others are Moslems, while a large proportion are pagans. The women, although required to do both household and field work, are usually treated with much consideration, while polygamy is only practised to a very limited extent. If a family is small, however, a wife will often urge her husband to supply the deficiency by taking a second spouse and she will even help him in his search for the new mate and actually propose on his behalf

Drawings by Amy Drucker, Addis Ababa, 1935

A YOUTH OF AMHARA: An inhabitant of the central province of Abyssinia. He has a thick mop of hair but when engaged on a journey would probably shave it all off in order to keep himself as cool as possible

A GALLA PEASANT: It is men of this type that form the backbone of the Emperor Haile Selassie's army, for the Gallas are fearless fighters and are skilled to a remarkable degree in the use of the spear

"Behold the Land of the Chaldeans"

FOOD STORAGE IN ANCIENT CHALDEA: An interesting new picture from Ur showing a damaged vessel brought to light in the walls of the ruins of a private residence

On left—UNCHANGING IN A LAND OF CHANGE: Although Iraq is a go-ahead country desert life has altered but little with the passage of the centuries, and this mud village, not far from the ruins of Ur, is inhabited by a people quite as ignorant of health laws and sanitation as were their ancestors of centuries ago

Charles E. Brown

ENGINELESS FLIGHT

The International Gliding Contests in the Bernese Oberland

The International Gliding Contests were held at Jungfraujoch from September 4 to September 18, and during this fortnight competitors from all parts of the world gave remarkable exhibitions of their skill in duration, altitude, and point-to-point flying. In the above picture the 'plane piloted by Max Kramer, a Swiss entrant, is seen after being catapulted into the air at the start of a flight to Interlaken, a distance of about fifteen miles. The pilot reached his objective in safety, and considering that he had to pick his way between dense clouds and lofty mountain peaks the achievement must be regarded as one of considerable merit

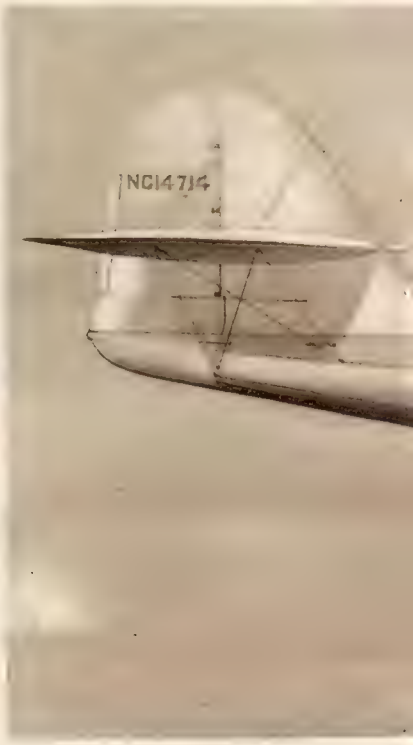
COMFORT IN THE CLOUDS

Life
British

SAFE HANDS, A STEADY NERVE, AND QUICK JUDGMENT: Captain O. P. Jones at the controls of the giant Imperial Airways air liner, *Scylla*. He is one of the best pilots in the service and has flown the Channel over 4,500 times in all sorts of weather, and carried 65,000 passengers without accident

'TWIXT CROYDON AND LE BOURGET: Sitting in comfort i 'plane speeds across the Channel. *Above on right*—A six-cours during the journey, the cuisine being comparable to that of a

ON WINGS OF SLEEP: Rarefied drowsiness, and it is no unusual sight, full, to find a passenger taking his

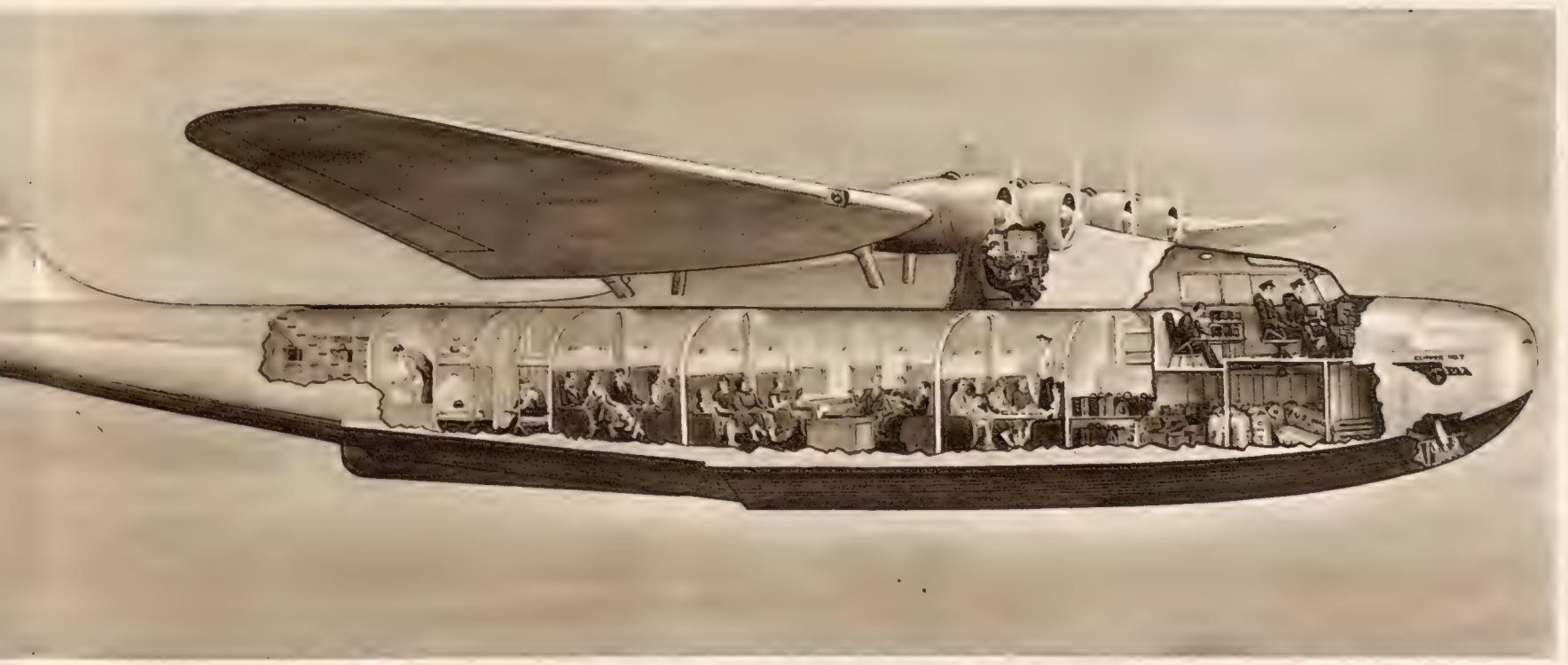


On left—THE AERIAL KITCHEN: A steward at work preparing the lunch on the *Scylla*

... in Luxuriously Equipped ...ish and American Air Liners

...ort in the saloon as the ...course luncheon is served ... of a first-class restaurant

...fied air often induces ...sight, if the 'plane is not ... his ease in this fashion



AMERICA'S NEW TRANS-PACIFIC FLYER: A sectional view showing the arrangement of the cabins in Pan-American Airways' Clipper No. 7, which on its first commercial flight crossed from Alameda, California, to Honolulu, Hawaii, in the record time of 17 hrs. 9 mins. The Clipper can carry fifty passengers, but when crossing the Pacific accommodation is provided for a maximum of fourteen people and no more than one ton of cargo, personal luggage, and mails

A MODERN RACER: The Duke of Kent's Percival Mew Gull, which took part in the recent King's Cup Air Race. Note the streamlined "spat" on the wheel

FASTER! FASTER!!

Now that Streamlining is Nearing Perfection, Experts on Aerodynamics are Finding that Skin Friction is the Main Obstacle to the Realisation of Yet Higher Speeds in the Air

By C. D. PALMER

MUCH publicity has been given lately to the subject of speed in the air. During the last couple of years the speed of air transport machines has risen from 100 m.p.h. or thereabouts to 170 m.p.h., and in a few cases to 200 m.p.h., and even more. The demand for yet more speed is a paramount preoccupation of our civilisation going hand in hand with the increasing tempo of modern life.

Professor Melville Jones, Francis Mond Professor of Aeronautical Engineering at Cambridge, recently emphasised the problems which beset the designer of high-speed modern aeroplanes in a lecture given before the Royal Institution.

Most people realise that speed in the air is dependent on power and the reduction of head resistance. Everyone knows that at high speed head resistance is considerable, and we have examples before us in everyday life of how the resistance of the air impedes forward progress even at the modest speeds at which we ride bicycles or drive motor cars. Unfortunately this air resistance increases about eight times when the speed is only doubled, so that supposing it takes 5 h.p. to propel an object at 50 m.p.h. it will take 40 h.p. to propel it at 100 m.p.h., 320 h.p. at 200 m.p.h., and 2,560 h.p. at 400 m.p.h.

Most of the power available in an aeroplane is expended in overcoming resistance. Comparatively little is used to keep the machine in the air, and the faster it flies the less power is needed for this purpose. Modern civil aeroplanes have about 70 h.p. available for every 1,000 lb. of their weight, and of this about 8 h.p. is required at 100 m.p.h. for support, only 4 h.p. at 200 m.p.h., and still less at higher speeds.

It is obvious that head resistance is the bugbear of speed, and that unless some way can be found of reducing it the amount of power needed to overcome it will be absolutely prohibitive.

Streamlining may at first sight appear to be the complete solution of the problem of head resistance. If a body can be given a shape so that the air flows over it smoothly and without eddies one might expect that there would be no limit to the speed at which it could be driven through the air, but here as will be explained another problem arises.

To design and build an aeroplane with perfect streamline form is in itself an exceedingly difficult problem. The pilot must have a good view forward, and his windscreen must be so designed that there is the least possible interference with the air flow over the fuselage, in other words so that the air flow still follows the contour of the body and does not break away to form eddies and vortices.

Then there is the housing of the engines. If they are watercooled the radiators have to be snugly housed and if air-cooled the air must be led past them with the minimum of disturbance. Special cowlings have been devised which go some way to achieving a smooth flow of air.

There is also the problem of the undercarriage, though nowadays it is becoming increasingly common to arrange this so that when the machine is flying it can be drawn up into the wings or body out of the air stream where it would cause resistance.

Although any of the components of the machine may, when tested separately, show highly satisfactory lack of resistance the results may not be so good when they are mounted in the complete machine. Interference may be set up between the air streams flowing over the various components with the result that the flow may become unstreamline and the resistance of the machine as a whole may considerably exceed the sum of the resistances of its components taken individually.

The flow of air over these essential portions of a machine can nowadays be tested in wind tunnels of which the huge tunnel at Chalais Meudon in France, illustrated in THE SPHERE of February 2, and the new tunnel recently opened at Farnborough are examples.

It is largely the better understanding of the problems of air resistance and the improvements in streamlining which have enabled the speeds of commercial aircraft to be increased from the 100 m.p.h. or so of a few years ago to the high speeds of to-day. But with the approach to the perfect streamline form which has made these speeds possible has appeared another obstacle in the way to yet higher speeds. This is the skin friction set up by the exposed surfaces.

The air does not slip perfectly smoothly over the surface as might be expected. That portion which is in contact with the surface is stationary in relation to it. The speed of the air flow increases very rapidly outwards from the surface until it reaches the speed of the main stream a short distance from the surface. Thus there is a thin layer of air between the surface and the main stream in which this change of speed occurs. This is called the "boundary layer."

The air flow within the boundary layer may be smooth, termed "laminar," or "turbulent." At the bow of a ship the boundary layer of water, and likewise the layer of air at the forward edge of an aeroplane wing, start by being "laminar," that is, the fluid flows smoothly over the surface. Sooner or later this "laminar" flow breaks and becomes "turbulent" and mixed up with little eddies. Anyone who has looked over the side of a ship will have noticed the layer of turbulent water along the plating of the hull as it passes through the water. This is analogous to the boundary layer of air close to the surface of an aeroplane.

Professor Melville Jones observes that the point at which the "laminar" flow breaks and becomes "turbulent" depends largely on speed and the roughness of the surface. The greater the speed and the greater the roughness the sooner it occurs. Aerodynamic knowledge has not yet reached the point at which this can be calculated, but wind tunnel tests indicate that, at say 200 m.p.h., it will occur only a few inches from the forward edge of the wing. Thus almost the whole surface will be covered by a "turbulent" layer of air.

The elimination of turbulence in the boundary layer is of the greatest importance in obtaining high speeds. The skin friction produced by the smooth or "laminar" portion of the layer is only about $\frac{1}{10}$th that of the "turbulent" layer, so that if it can be increased in area the speed will be raised.

The most efficient aeroplanes of to-day are within reasonable reach of perfect streamlining but it has been estimated that even if perfection could be achieved they would fly only 20 per cent. faster than at present.

Skin friction is another matter. It is now the principal factor which limits speed. Could this problem be completely solved it is believed that direct head resistance might be reduced to such a degree that speed could be doubled for the same expenditure of power.

The highly polished finish of modern high-speed aeroplanes bears witness to their constructors' efforts to reduce skin friction but it is a problem which is to a large extent unknown country, and awaits a vast amount of research.

There is yet another way of obtaining high speed over long distances and by which the effects of air resistance may be avoided. At great heights the air is less dense and exercises less resistance. Great speeds should be attainable by flying in the stratosphere. This method has yet to be exploited. There are certain difficulties to be overcome not least of which will be the provision of cabins in which the pressure and temperature of the lower levels can be maintained for the comfort and safety of passengers. There are also questions of engine supercharging and cooling. The latter may prove to be the most difficult of solution and may prove the limiting factor in stratospheric flying.

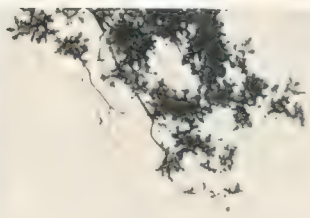
Considering that it is less than 26 years since a pioneer of British flying was summoned before a magistrate for leaving the ground for a few yards, that lusty youngster British Aviation has made remarkable growth. We may anticipate that another quarter century will see the solution of many of the aeronautical problems which seem to be so baffling to-day, and that well within that time we shall look back on the fastest speeds of to-day as very modest achievements in the history of air transport.

A HIGH-SPEED GERMAN BOMBER: A 'plane streamlined according to the latest aerodynamical precepts. It has a 700 h.p. engine

RE-AFFORESTATION IN THE HOME COUNTIES

3,739,000 Trees Planted in a Year

Left above and right above—TRIMMING THE SLENDER TRUNKS ON A HAMPSHIRE PLANTATION: Lopping off the branches at the base of the trees in order to encourage the upward growth and also to check the rapid spread of forest fires



Pictures by A. Console

A FOREST OF THE FUTURE: Fir trees on the London-Southampton road, near Eversley, Hampshire—a county in which over 1,800,000 trees have been planted by the Forestry Commission during the past year alone. In the Home Counties the total number planted in the same period has been 3,739,000, and nearly all of these were conifers, as they are much better suited for growing on the Commission's estates and more profitable than hardwoods as they produce an extra £300 net per acre. The seven principal varieties used are Scots and Corsican pines, European and Japanese larches, Norwegian and Sitka spruce, and Douglas firs

DUNLOP
FORT "90"
DUNLOP MAGNA
MADE IN ENGLAND
DRC 1935
C.F.H

IN THE MOONLIT GLADE: Valentina Blinova and André Eglevsky in *Les Sylphides*, one of the principal items in the programme of ballet presented by Léon Woizikovsky at the Coliseum. *Inset on right*—Blinova in a striking pose

CLASSIC GRACE OF THE BALLET

Special "Sphere" picture by A. Console

ENSEMBLE: The Corps de Ballet in a graceful movement in *Les Sylphides*. Philip Page, "The Sphere's" dramatic critic, in commenting on the tremendous revival of interest in ballet says, "It is now a safe card to play at almost any London theatre. The Covent Garden season had hardly closed before arrangements were completed for Léon Woizikovsky at the Coliseum. The Jooss Ballet is due next Monday at the Gaiety, while Anton Dolin and Markova are to appear at the Duke of York's, and there is to be renewed activity at Sadler's Wells. Ballet, if it is good, is a medium of art-expression of which one cannot have too much"

Fighting Tropical Disease

STOREHOUSE OF THE TROPIC'S SECRETS: The well-equipped library at the London School of Tropical Medicine in Keppel Street, Bloomsbury

By CHARLES GRAVES

MUSSOLINI must be sorry that there has not been a single Italian taking the course at the London School of Hygiene and Tropical Medicine for the past year or two. Every day we see discreetly abbreviated references to the numbers of Italian troops who have actually died, or who have been shipped home hopelessly incapacitated from Italian Somaliland and the borders of Abyssinia. All sorts of stories are told about the high rate of sickness and disease among these young soldiers. No wonder Il Duce has chosen Sir Aldo Castellani, lecturer to the school, to be in charge of military medical services in his forthcoming military experiment. It would appear that every tropical disease known to man can be found in Abyssinia. Cholera, enteric, dysentery, and malaria are notoriously prevalent there. It is true that there is a research laboratory in Rome, and others in the United States and Belgium but, apart from Liverpool, there is no organisation that begins to compare with the London School of Hygiene and Tropical Medicine in Keppel Street, which now, since the beginning of last year, incorporates the Ross Institute, and for some time past has been part of the University of London, thus receiving a grant of £40,000 a year. This brings up the total from subscriptions and donations from various sources to £73,000 a year.

The objects of the school are many. Every year it institutes expeditions for the investigation and prevention of tropical diseases. This year, for example, Sir Malcolm Watson, director of the Ross Institute, has visited Southern Rhodesia and the East African Dependencies, while Mr. H. H. Clay has been touring India with the deputy director of of the Ross Institute to investigate building and sanitation. He has also been to Ceylon. This is part and parcel of the School's policy. Ever since 1900 similar tours have been arranged to all parts of the world.

The teaching side of the organisation involves numbers of different departments, and last year there were 178 students from twenty different countries, always excepting Italy. A third of the English students came from Colonial Medical Services and the fighting forces. It is good to see, in view of the British Empire, that more than half of the total number of learners come from Great Britain, with twenty-seven more from Ceylon and India alone. Others came from Germany, Palestine, Belgium, China, Egypt, and even Mauritius. In addition to these classes there has been inaugurated a course of lectures for laymen which this year reached the record attendance of over a hundred people, the majority of them being mining and civil engineers, tea planters and rubber planters.

Further, there are always two or three dozen experts spending their whole time on research work. Frequently they are subsidised in advance by big concerns such as Imperial Chemical Industries and the leading oil companies. Two of the latter have provided £600 a year for two years to enable work to be done under Professor Buxton's direction in connection with the lethal action of oil on mosquito larvæ.

The Empire Marketing Board and the Ministry of Health financed a three-years' investigation into the technique of the bacteriological examination of milk. All sorts of investigations are requested and paid for by powerful bodies. The Westminster City Council, for example, requested the investigation into the spread of mosquitoes on the underground railways which, incidentally, resulted in the discovery of a twenty-ninth variety of mosquito in Great Britain, although twenty-eight different kinds have been already segregated and tabulated.

Other research workers have been busy on a cloth fabric to provide heat insulation—prompted by the success of aluminium foil for tropical helmets. Meantime a city like London with its huge port and continuous traffic from all parts of the world is technically always in danger of plague, and though Doctor Dunston Brewer says that as long as the brown rat is dominant round the docks there is no fear of bubonic, it is nevertheless good to know that in the heart of Bloomsbury we have an Institution of experts unparalleled in the world.

The Ross Institute is primarily concerned with the stamping out of malaria. It is estimated that at least 2,000,000 people die of this disease every year.

A SERVANT OF MANKIND: The entrance to the museum at the School of Tropical Medicine, beside which is the bust of Sir Ronald Ross, the conqueror of malaria, who died in 1932

The Ross Institute was founded on, and is maintained principally by, contributions from Colonial Governments and companies operating in the tropics. It was opened by the Prince of Wales in July 1926 in a villa at Putney, where it continued until its incorporation into the School of Hygiene and Tropical Medicine last year. This building was opened also by the Prince of Wales in July 1929 and owes a great debt of gratitude to the Trustees of the Rockefeller Foundation in New York.

The original school was the idea of the late Sir Patrick Manson. Manson was in the town of Amoy in China in 1877 when he discovered by laborious experiment that the mosquito acted as a nurse in propagating the filaria worm. He had no knowledge of the anatomy of insects and he had no instrument except a penknife to carry out his work. Nevertheless he described half-a-dozen new parasites of man and several new diseases. Twenty years later when he returned to London he set himself to found and inspire the London School of Tropical Medicine and described his scheme in an address at St. George's Hospital. In due course he laid a scheme before Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, who was then Secretary for the Colonies, and who had been greatly upset by the terrible mortality on the West Coast of Africa. Mr. Chamberlain at once appreciated the significance of Sir Patrick Manson's proposals, with the result that in two years the original London School of Tropical Medicine was built.

THAT MEN MAY VENTURE SAFELY: The London School of Tropical Medicine where new methods of combating disease in the colonies are constantly being evolved. On the outside of the building are the names of such pioneers as Laveran, Reed, Ross, Parr, and Jenner

To get an idea of how bad malaria can be, let me say that this disease was so severe in the towns of Klang and Port Swentenham in the Federated Malay States that the death rate was 160 per thousand; the local Chinese suspended business for three days to hold religious observances; and the High Commissioner ordered the closure of the new port ten weeks after it had been opened. But in view of the immediate success of the anti-malarial work the port was not closed; the number of deaths in the following year was reduced by three-quarters; and it was discovered that this work reduced the death rate of all "other diseases." That was in the year 1901, and was the first successful anti-malarial work that the Empire ever knew.

It was just three years ago that the Empire mourned the death of Ronald Ross, though nothing like as much as it should have done. His magnificent conquest of malaria has made an unbelievable difference to the prosperity of the Colonies and Dominions. His discovery was important not only because it showed how malaria spread; it turned the experts of the world to the investigation of insects as the carriers of other diseases, and within a few years the germs of yellow fever, typhus, and sleeping sickness were all shown to have insect hosts.

To-day the School of Hygiene and Tropical Medicine has its library, its museum, and its standing committee of the Ross Institute of Tropical Hygiene. It has divisions of Public Health, vital statistics, and clinical tropical medicine.

Very shortly, the eleventh annual report of the Court of Governors will be issued, and once again one can be certain of a brilliant advance in the world's knowledge of these tropical scourges—together, one hopes, with a list of further donations which will enable the good work to be carried out still more extensively in the future.

WILD SEPTEMBER

Gale and Flood Havoc During the Great Storm which Swept the British Isles Last Week

BOURNEMOUTH'S DESOLATED FORESHORE: About two hundred beach huts and tents were wrecked here and the loss of property on the sea front was estimated at nearly £3,000. The gale was one of the most severe ever recorded in Southern England, and was particularly unusual so early in the autumn. The highest wind velocity was ninety-six m.p.h. at St. Mary's, Scilly Isles

A FALLEN GIANT: A poplar uprooted in an avenue at Leckwith, Cardiff, where the storm was just as violent as in the South of England. The walls of several houses in course of erection on the outskirts of the city were badly damaged

PLAYTHINGS OF THE WIND: The music gardens at Eastbourne in a state of disorder. "The Sphere" has received a host of pictures from various quarters illustrating damage to deck chairs, and the total loss must run into thousands of pounds

THE AQUARIUM RESTAURANT AT BRIGHTON: The scene of confusion after the sea, carrying masses of shingle with it, had poured into the new subway and then flooded this hall to a depth of about two ft.

DEVASTATION AT HOVE: A general view of the wreckage on the promenade where dozens of beach huts were smashed or swept out to sea, basements of houses flooded, and slabs of concrete torn up by the waves. *On right*—Three barges aground at Brightlingsea. Two stuck in the mud and could not be dislodged until the next high tide, while one of them was badly holed after being driven against the side of the children's paddling pool

(The above pictures were not included in last week's issue of "The Sphere" owing to pressure on our space. Ed.)

THE BUILDING OF THE

The New L.N.E.R. Streamlined Locomotive

BOLTING THE BOILER: Construction work in progress on the "Silver Link," the giant streamlined locomotive which will go into service on the L.N.E.R.'s London-Newcastle route on September 30, and will draw the Silver Jubilee train built in honour of the twenty-five years of the King's reign. The train will cover the 268-mile journey at the average speed of 67 m.p.h., and will make only one stop

THE HORIZONTAL WEDGE FRONT: Men engaged in assembling the streamline sheathing which is designed to reduce head resistance, lift the steam and smoke clear over the cab, and minimise the disturbance of the atmosphere alongside the train

ELECTRIC WELDING ON THE NEW GIANT: Helmets have to be worn during this work both because of the glare and the fact that the process is attended by much spluttering of fused and superheated globules of metal

ONE OF THE SEVEN COACHES OF THE JUBILEE TRAIN: Instead of having the standard exterior finish of varnished teak, it is covered with aluminium rexine, while the cornices, door facias, and beading is of stainless steel. To deaden the noise when running at high speeds, the floors, roofs, and walls have been insulated with an asbestos acoustic blanket. An automatic air conditioning and heating system is installed

"SILVER LINK"

hich will Draw the Jubilee Train

THE EARLY STAGES OF CONSTRUCTION: The boiler barrel and firebox being bolted and riveted before insulating with mattresses comprising layers of "Alfol" foil. The barrel has a maximum diameter of 6 ft. 5 ins.

INSIDE THE FIREBOX: The numerous holes were drilled in the walls and afterwards filled in with copper in order to allow the metal to expand and thus help it to withstand the great strain imposed upon it when the engine is in action. *On left*—A side view of the streamline sheathing of the "Silver Link," which is very similar in form to that adopted by Monsieur Bugatti in his high-speed railcars in France and in his racing motor cars. Note the squat funnel

READY FOR ACTION: *Above*—An overhead impression of the completed engine which is the most revolutionary in exterior design that has yet been built in this country. *Right*—The inspection door in the streamline sheathing in the nose of the "Silver Link." When the train comes into operation it will probably be found that high speeds uphill will be the feature of its performance, and, it is anticipated, for instance, that over the section from Peterborough to Grantham, with its long, rising gradient, the train will cover the twenty-nine miles in 24½ minutes. The highest average speed between any two stations on the journey will be 82.7 m.p.h.

THE STARS OF "PRIVATE LIVES" TOGETHER AGAIN: Noel Coward and Gertrude Lawrence at a rehearsal of *To-night at 8.30*, the former's new play which is being presented in the provinces before coming to London

DRAMA:

Lucie Mannheim's Outstanding Performance in "Nina": The Passing of a Great Dramatic Actress: Clark Gable and Jean Harlow in a Notable Film

By PHILIP PAGE

OF course it had to be a "double"—in the intoxicating if non-alcoholic sense. For Miss Lucie Mannheim is a big star in her native Germany, where, for certain reasons, she is not at present welcome. And, according to the programme she was playing a secondary (brunette) part in a subdued manner while a Miss Una Altra was getting all the fat, and getting away with it, too, as a semi-comic blonde.

Bringing to bear some experience in theatre-land, I soon realised during *Nina* at the Criterion Theatre that no theatrical leading lady, however easy-going her disposition, and however kindly her nature, would tolerate such a situation at any time, and certainly not when she was making her London debut with a big foreign reputation to justify.

This experience was backed by mighty linguistic knowledge, which led me to spot that Una Altra was a close relation of our old friend A. N. Other.

Not so very ingenious, perhaps. But sufficiently ingenious to perplex some members of a first-night audience. "That little blonde is knocking spots off everybody," remarked a grave and reverend colleague to me while we were gasping for air in the first interval, "and I bet the Mannheim has her sacked." Which was, of course, the best possible tribute to the Mannheim, and the blonde will assuredly remain. For although one can do many things to oneself, one cannot sack half oneself. From that situation the plot of this effective little play, extremely well adapted from the German—and translated to Hampstead and Hampshire—by Mr. Hubert Griffith, to whom my congratulations, should be fairly apparent.

Nina is a film star of world fame. She has an ironically disgruntled husband who is thoroughly bored, not with her, but with that world fame. He can rarely secure a minute alone with his wife. His home is full of "talkie" people, talking shop, publicity, and the rest of it. And a constant and boring visitor is a film director of much eloquence and little learning, who would, if Nina were willing, make love to her.

But Nina is an outrageously abnormal being for the film world, in that she really does love her husband and cares so little for her world fame that she is willing to give it up in order to please him—and does so. Her method of doing this is utterly unreal and unlikely, but it makes sound entertainment. There is a common and catty, but not unamusing, little blonde who "doubles" for Nina, taking physical risks for which she is too precious, and appearing for her back-view in what are termed "long-shots." She becomes Nina II, while the whole world is to remain ignorant of the fact that she is not the one and only and original Nina. In the days of silent films that might have been just possible. Now that "talkies" are ubiquitous, it would be quite impossible, because a "double" with an identical voice would, I am convinced, be unprocurable. With the Garbo, the Dietrich, the Sten, or the Bennett (Constance) in mind, think over the position and its absurdity.

None the less, it makes a slick little play, even if it does tail off towards the end, and leads to nothing beyond a visit of the sham Nina, in her jewels and her glory, to the real Nina, in mouse-like domesticity somewhere near Southampton.

Miss Mannheim had to register, as they say, her effects by some subtle acting, for the whole point of the play is that the two Ninae should look alike, ingenious differences of "make-up," therefore, being out of the question. As the real Nina, Miss Mannheim was rather more grey than she need have been, her accent obviously being a grave handicap, for it is of the can-be-cut-with-a-knife order. As to the other Nina, on the contrary, the accent is an asset, since the part is a comedy one and can be used for comedy purposes, even the sophisticated first-night audience being ready to laugh uproariously at Anglo-Teutonic malapropisms.

Mr. Hugh Miller played the film director with amusing flamboyance which was in dramatic contrast to his crushed-worm-like demeanour in the last act, where he has married the "blonde." Mr. Cecil Parker displayed some quiet humour as the humanly bored husband, and Miss Joyce Bland, taking up the part at short notice, did extraordinarily well as a tactful secretary. I do not think any country estate-agent ever talked like Mr. William Dewhurst, though many may look like him.

Mr. Owen Nares has produced the play with consummate skill and some measure of its success will be due to him.

Dame Madge Kendal.—Although to the present generation—and even to the middle-aged theatregoers—Dame Madge Kendal was little more than an august matron, a sort of Queen Victoria of the British drama, who appeared at *premières* and at public banquets where she made trenchantly pessimistic speeches, it is beyond a doubt that she was great, a very great actress.

We can only surmise how Edmund Kean, David Garrick, or John Philip Kemble acted, and Phelps (Dame Madge was his leading lady at sixteen) is now but a shadowy figure. Even Henry Irving died before some of our bright young dramatic critics were born. But there are links, though they are few, with Madge Kendal at the time of her zenith, and one can accept wholeheartedly the tribute of those who had the inestimable privilege of seeing her triumphs.

I was fortunate enough to catch a glimpse of what she must have been like—I saw her in *The Merry Wives of Windsor* in 1902 at His Majesty's—though I was not old enough to appreciate it, for I was but a schoolboy. A few years later on I saw her on one of her last tours, playing a part for which she was too old in a piece not worthy of her.

Her splendid achievements as an actress were hardly more important than the supreme value of her tuition. Sir Seymour Hicks, who is proud to admit that he owes so much to it, has rightly declared that "Mrs. Kendal knew everything." Even those whom she bullied—and at rehearsals she could and did bully—should have been grateful for it; though, being human, I doubt whether they were.

Dame Madge's autobiography, published only a couple of years ago, I found a curiously disappointing production for so brilliant a woman. With her private life, nobody, I imagine, should be concerned. She thought otherwise, and, in spite of the fact that in some pages she inveighs against the Paul Prys of modern theatrical gossip-writing, she devotes much space to her unfortunate quarrels with her children, and indulges not a little in self-pity.

But to a consummate genius much may be forgiven.

MARTHE EGGERTH, the popular German screen actress and wife of Jan Kiepura, in a scene from her new film, *Love Melody*, which has been produced in Vienna. One of her most successful recent pictures was *Unfinished Symphony*, which was well received when presented in England a short while ago

"China Seas."—I have seldom seen a film so generally entertaining as *China Seas*, now at the Empire Theatre. In the first place, there is a welcome absence of highbrow "change-over" experiments: the story, a good one, is told by means of simple "cuts" and moves swiftly and dramatically. Of the performances, the one I preferred was that of Mr. Robert Benchley (yes, journalists can do it when they choose) who really had nothing to do with the film at all. He played an amiable drunkard, with only a few lines to speak, with diverting nonchalance and not a trace of offensiveness. The film is worth a visit if only to see what Mr. Benchley does during a storm at sea with a rogue-grand-piano.

Miss Jean Harlow is poured into her clothes, is as full as ever of alluring curves, and radiates sex to the *n*th degree. At the same time, she is a thundering good actress, who can deliver long speeches with a convincing air of reality, can convey tragedy, and can keep one interested in any and every movement. Miss Harlow must not be under-rated even by the highest of highbrows.

Mr. Clark Gable is admirably heroic, and how he came to be wearing such exquisitely cut and immaculately white suits on board a rusty old tub battling with a hurricane some hundreds of miles from Shanghai I cannot imagine. Perhaps it was because Chinamen are expert laundry-workers, and there seemed to be hundreds on board, even if a few were squashed by a steam-roller that came unlashed. It was hard luck on those who pointed out that such a thing could not happen that almost to the very day a British ship, the *Mary Kingsley*, had trouble with her cargo of errant locomotives during last week's gale.

There are few films in which Mr. Aubrey Smith does not appear, and he is as excellent as always in this one. I am looking forward to seeing one of these days Mr. Aubrey Smith played by Mr. George Arliss

On right—AN HEROIC ROLE: Walter Hudd, the young actor and playwright, who is playing the title-role in the London Film Production, *Lawrence of Arabia*. When he is in Arab dress his resemblance to the great adventurer is remarkable

SUN SEEKERS

Feter Clark

Checks are the things for a cruising holiday. The larger the better, of course! This coat in a wine and white checked Scotch tweed is most desirably light and warm. Double-breasted, with a deep pleat at the back, it has wooden buttons and a self-toned suede collar. Actually it is also made in black, navy, and brown with white, and it comes from Marshall and Snelgrove, of Oxford Street, London, W.

Here's a new idea (*above on right*). A jacket in brown and natural checked tweed with hand-knitted sleeves and scarf. It has a yoke, into which the back fullness is gathered, and the plain skirt has a pleat at the side. From Harrods of Knightsbridge

For the woman who spends much of her time travelling it would be impossible to find a more perfect evening dress than the one on the right, which comes from Debenham and Freebody, of Wigmore Street, W. Beautifully cut, with that simplicity which is always so effective, it is made in violet romaine, the waist girdled by a leather belt which looks like beaten pewter. When the scarf drapery is worn over the hair it shows the twisted straps at the back of the corsage, and when it is thrown back it forms a very graceful cowl. A dress that will emerge, serene and romantic, from the most crowded wardrobe trunk

The World of Books

Montaigne's Writings Rearranged in Autobiographical Form : Gino Watkins, the Gay Adventurer

Reviewed by Vernon Fane

FORTY odd years ago a young barrister was walking back from the Westminster County Court to the Temple. He had just won his case and was in a happy frame of mind. As he walked, he saw two men who bore an extraordinary likeness to each other. They started a train of thought, for although he was seriously embarked upon a career at the Bar, he also wrote novels.

His pen ran to romantic fantasy, and a story of confused identity began to take shape in his mind. In what country of the imagination was the tale to be set? That night saw the birth of Ruritania, and a possible Lord Chancellor forsook the road to the Woolsack.

Sir Anthony Hope Hawkins wrote his own memoirs in what Sir James Barrie described as a "good and valiant book," yet there was that touch of austerity and remoteness about him that his friends knew so well, and which may have surprised readers of his colourful romances, which demanded the interpretation of a full biography.

In **ANTHONY HOPE AND HIS BOOKS** (Hutchinson. 18s.) Sir Charles Mallet has succeeded not only in interpreting the character of the creator of Ruritania, making it seem amazingly possible that an incisive legal mind could turn a brilliant fantasy and indulge the flashing inconsequentialities of the Dolly Dialogues, but also draws upon the Victorian and Edwardian scene with agreeable discursiveness.

For Anthony Hope belonged peculiarly to his period and neither the man nor his work could be adjusted, with any ease, to post-war conditions. That more than a touch of aloof austerity he shared with some of his great Oxford contemporaries, Curzon, Grey, Cosmo Lang; nearer to him in character was Asquith; the stamp of Balliol remained with him all his life. Such was the author of *The Prisoner of Zenda*, a man who gave pleasure to millions but whose life was fastidiously lived within his own culture. Few, alas, of his like survive.

ANTHONY HOPE AT THE AGE OF THIRTY-TWO: This portrait by Hugh de T. Glazebrook forms the frontisplece of Sir Charles Mallet's life of the distinguished novelist who wrote *The Prisoner of Zenda* and created the imaginary Balkan State of Ruritania. The book, which is reviewed on this page, is published by Hutchinson at 18s.

Hundreds of years ago Montaigne wrote: "I do not want men to say of me, as I often hear them say of the dead, 'This is how he lived and thought—that is what he meant—if he could have spoken on his death-bed, he would have said so-and-so and given such-and-such—I knew him better than anyone.' If people are to talk I want it with truth and justice. I'll gladly come back from the other world to give the lie to anyone who will shape me other than I was, even though to honour me."

Few people, actually, certainly very few great men, have been better represented since their deaths than Montaigne, or with more justice. The greater part of his own writings were devoted to intimate surveys of his life, his philosophical outlook, his habits, even his taste in food and beds.

Mr. Marvin Lowenthal has had the ingenious idea of rearranging Montaigne's writings, in some cases making drastic alterations, and adding letters and notes to form a consecutive autobiography. **THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF MONTAIGNE** (Routledge. 10s. 6d.) is, in the sense that I have explained, an experiment, but a lively, ingenious and largely successful one. The translation, which is fresh and occasionally colloquial, is Mr. Lowenthal's own, and part of his plan to reproduce as closely as possible the authentic spirit of Montaigne.

"My trade and art," wrote Montaigne, "is to live my life."

This autobiography is the most complete expression of that life that we have ever had, and I should like, if such pronouncements from critics were not always tinged with patronage, to congratulate Mr. Lowenthal on his achievement.

"C'est ici qu'on oublie
La terre et ses douleurs,
C est ici la patrie
De tous les nobles cœurs."

This little mountain song was a favourite with Gino Watkins, the youngest of the Polar explorers, who was killed at the age of twenty-five when his kayak, or Eskimo canoe, overturned with him.

Gino Watkins was the least conventional of polar explorers. He was too young, for one thing, and for another, he had never taken part in any expedition before he led one, himself. He was slight, and his physical strength was not more than the average. He was gay, elegant (it was his custom to shave even in the Arctic regions), and to casual acquaintances gave no indication of purposefulness.

GINO WATKINS (Hodder and Stoughton. 20s.) is a biography of this extraordinary young man by his friend and contemporary, Mr. J. M. Scott, who accompanied him on his voyages, and knew him intimately as only another man of the same age and outlook could know him.

The result of his book is a study of an adventurer, in the best sense of the word, and in the Scarlet Pimpernel tradition, gay, nonchalant, and immensely courageous.

"He led the way through rough country and smooth without ever looking back to see if we were following him. At first this seemed callous . . . but very soon we recognised it as a high compliment and felt he took it for granted that we could do as much as he."

This boy (he was no more at the time of his first expedition) had the rare quality of leadership, and possessed it unconsciously, for when a man called him Boss "he was a little embarrassed and very much amused." Gino, as he was known to all the other members of his expeditions, had a reputation for being able "to get away with anything." Their complete confidence in him made them hope against hope that he was still alive on the day when they found his kayak drifting upside down in Lake Fjord, and logic alone told them that he must be dead.

There seems to have been a light-hearted spirit about Gino Watkins' expeditions which set them apart from other adventures in the same country and under the same discomforts. They were young men, and with such a leader exploration was a game, even if it was a highly dangerous and very comfortless one. They worked well together, but their companionship was not a matter of restraint and self-control, it was a high-spirited business of jokes and nicknames and a ubiquitous gramophone.

AUTHORS IN THE NEWS: *Left*—Captain William J. Gibson, a member of an old Anglo-Russian family, who tells in *Wild Career* (Harrap. 8s. 6d.) of his experiences as a motor-cycle despatch rider in the Imperial Russian Army during the great war, of his life in Moscow after the revolution, and of his subsequent adventures in Turkey, Rumania, and Georgia. *Right*—Lieutenant Frank Dorn, an American artillery officer whose novel, *Forest Twilight* (Harrap. 7s. 6d.), has the Philippine Islands as its setting and the life of the primitive Negrito tribesmen as its theme. Lieutenant Dorn lived for about eight months among these little-known people

"Robert might not be a surveyor but he knew how to cook a porcupine," as a member of the party remarked.

There is a kind of flippancy that helps men to endure, and the kind of laughing courage that the young and happy Greeks may have had. These were the qualities of Gino Watkins.

Soviet Russia is developing a new literary *genre*. It is what may be called the collective novel. If any great construction is undertaken, such as the Baltic—White Sea Canal, or the Stalingrad tractor factory, the story of that construction is told by forty or fifty of the actual participants. The writers, whose jobs range from the director to the ordinary worker, and cover every branch and department of activity, give their own personal narrative, but, by the combination of many individual experiences, an idea of the whole undertaking can be gathered.

Naturally, this method does not tend to produce good literature, in the sense of style and construction, but it certainly tends to give Soviet literature a vitality and a contact with realities.

One of the first, and perhaps one of the most interesting, examples of this is **THE VOYAGE OF THE CHELYUSKIN** (Chatto and Windus. 18s.), the story of that epic Arctic exploration as told by forty members of the party. In it you get impressionistic sketches by the authors, poets, and journalists who formed a most important part of the crew, scientific articles by members of the Arctic Institute, terse engineering reports, the separate stories of the seven heroic airmen, anecdotes, maps, diagrams, and some really remarkable photographs, as dramatic as anything in the book.

But apart from the interest and novelty of the book's construction, the intrinsic drama of the story is very thrilling. To attempt the North-East passage in a cargo boat requires the same spirit of fortitude and adventure as animated Gino Watkins, yet while Watkins could be taken as a brilliant example of British individualism, the voyage of the *Chelyuskin* is a symbol of the collective spirit of Soviet Russia. And if anyone doubts that collectivism does not necessarily abolish adventure, let them consider this passage:—

"The screw and rudder waved in the air. Thunder, crashes, the crack of smashing timbers and of metal . . . . the stern was wrapped in smoke; two pillars of leaden white . . . . Somebody cried 'Back away from her. She'll be sucking . . . .' The wave of human bodies which had just rushed forward now fell back. A white cap of floating ice-floes. A whirlpool of floes, swirling one over the other. Then the wave subsided . . . . A mass of ice and upturned ship's boats, and a chaos of wreckage. The Chelyuskin was no more. Only her folk were on the ice."

Adventure of a very different sort is the subject of Mr. Richard A. Loederer's **VOODOO FIRE IN HAITI** (Jarrolds. 18s.). As the title of the book plainly states, the author has made a study of the negro blood-cults, with first-hand and often hair-raising descriptions of orgiastic ceremonies in the island of Haiti. Alone, and with a banjo and easel, he penetrated into the jungle, and, in the telling of his adventures, embroiders his story with fascinating pieces of history concerning the first conquerors, the gold-seekers, and the amazing career of King Christopher, the Black Napoleon.

The book is illustrated throughout by the author, whose pleasant style and narrative gifts are more than supplemented by his ability as an artist.

A BOOK LIST

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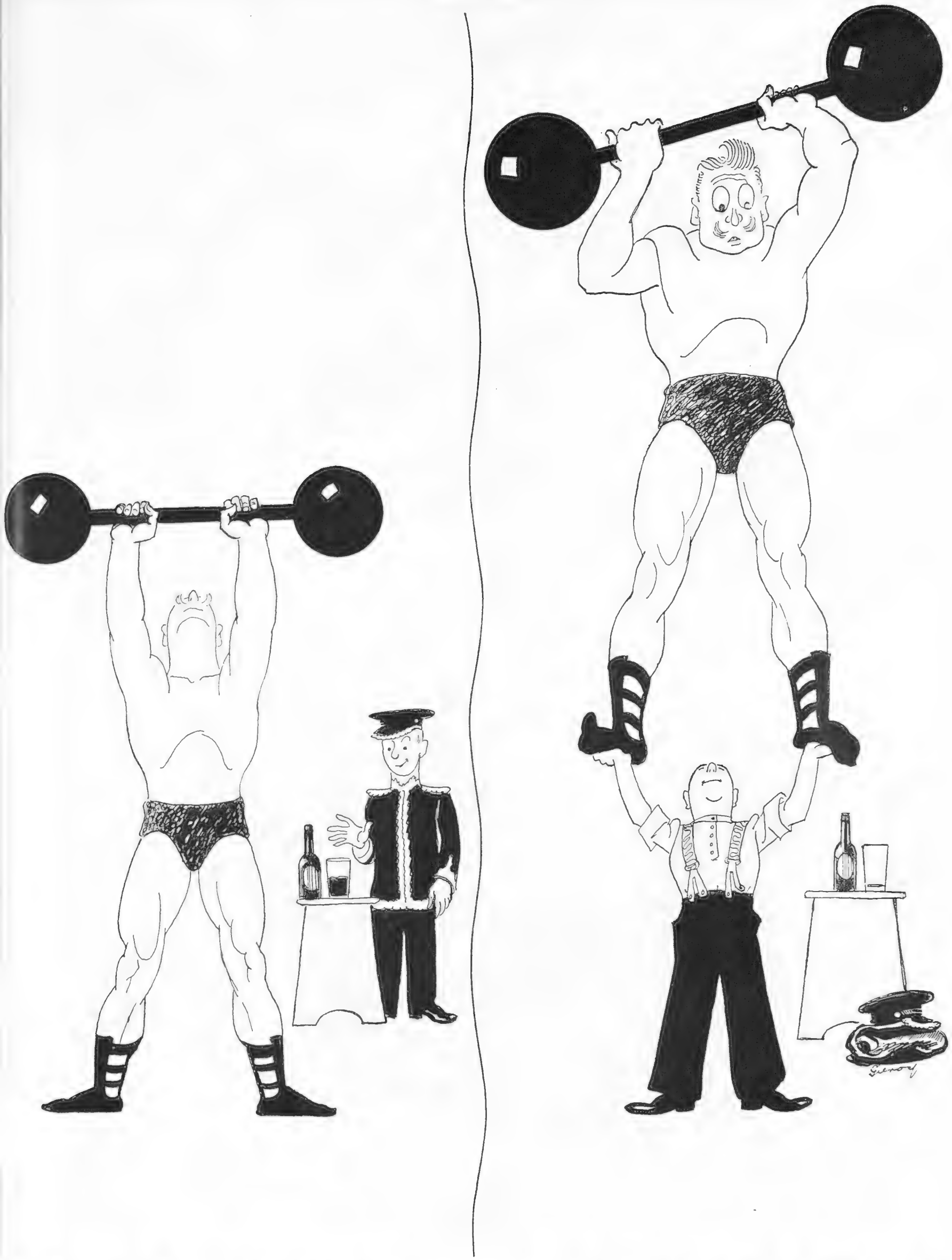
(Continued on p. 494)



GUINNESS for STRENGTH

G.E. 488

SHIPBUILDING DURING THE REIGN

(Continued from p. 470)

space, while less fuel bunker room is required. This great renaissance of steam is amply shown by the substitution of modern steam-propelling machinery for the Diesel oil engines of the big Royal Mail ships, *Alcantara* and *Asturias*, by which they will have about 75 per cent. more power while occupying no more space.

The Americans are again about to make gigantic efforts to retrieve to some extent the terribly backward condition of their mercantile marine. In 1934 they occupied only eighth place for output, or only one-twentieth of Britain's construction, which is out of all proportion to the position conforming to their enormous population, coast-line, and industrial importance. President Roosevelt, in his message to Congress last March, made his proposals with this end in view. Briefly speaking, the old order of "disguised subsidies" which had been admittedly misused is to be done away with. A new Federal maritime authority will deal with and settle all maritime problems. They will also deal with the analysis of plans, construction, and operation of vessels; determine the amount of subsidies; control all advertising; the regulation of rates; and the review and settlement of all maritime labour problems. It is a big job to tackle, but Roosevelt has shown that he is not afraid to attempt big things.

These proposals are, however, still only in the stage of Bills, and in any case substantial subsidies still exist which, by very unequal competition and legislation, are ruining our shipping trade in the Pacific and Australasia.

The remarks of the Chairman of the P. & O. Steamship Co. at the trial trip of the *Strathmore* indicate the seriousness of the position.

THE SPHERE has on former occasions very strongly stated the terrible plight of the British trampship industry as well as the anomalies of the new subsidy arrangement. British pluck and enterprise developed most of the areas concerned and it would be a national calamity to allow other nations, backed by enormous subsidies and unequal legislation already mentioned, not only to snatch the fruits of our enterprise but to ruin our great industry.

We may still be leading the world in the building of ships but that will be of little service to us if we are to be ruined in the running of them. **Edwin H. Judd**

THE CHURCH IN ETHIOPIA

(Continued from p. 472)

at one time or another visited the Holy City. It was only a short while ago that the present Empress opened a convent on the banks of the Jordan, close to the spot where tradition says Christ was baptised.

Every Abyssinian village boasts of its church, and it has been estimated that at the present time there are between 15,000 and 18,000 recognised churches in the country. As a rule they are built on the tops of hills and invariably in a grove of trees. Suspended from the branches of one of the trees is the stone bell that calls the people to worship. It is a slab of rock, from 3 ft. to 5 ft. long, rectangular in shape, the ends about 6 ins. square. When struck by a smaller stone the sound may be heard for a long distance. The notes, too, are clear and sweet.

The spiritual head of the Church is a venerable old man known as the Abuna, who resides in Addis Ababa. When he receives important visitors he occupies a throne with a background of golden stars gleaming round a crucifix. Priests may marry once, engage in business, administer church-owned lands, lend money, and act as judges in dispute. They are exempt, however, from military duties. They hold services daily of prayer and chanting, and the fasts set apart for the priests are long and severe. Not only does the Church in Abyssinia play an important part in the life of the people, but it is also very wealthy. It owns about one third of the land and is to-day an admixture of Judaism, Christianity, and negro superstition. When one remembers the isolated existence Abyssinia has led for so many centuries, the wonder is that the Church has survived at all. **H. J. Shepstone**

JOURNEY TO HARAR

(Continued from p. 475)

guests although they govern the town; Galli women carrying huge loads on their shoulders; Danakil warriors with poisoned spears. Donkey caravans passed in and out, but no camels, as they could not have managed the narrow streets.

Four thousand Abyssinian recruits were exercising on a large square along one side of the town wall. They were still in civil clothes, but the native officers were in Japanese khaki uniform. I could not help recalling what the Emperor had told me:—

'We have concentrated no troops in Ogaden. The whole garrison consists of 300 men.'

Either the Commander-in-chief of the Abyssinian army was badly informed, or else he thought that he could keep these forces a secret from foreign journalists. On our way from Diredawa we had passed troops who had come by train to Diredawa and were then marching on to Ogaden.

We put up at the only hotel in the town, the Imperatrice. Harar looked sinister at the first glance, and one felt that strangers were not trusted. Natives squatted in the narrow streets and stared at us as we passed. For 800 years Harar was a free town, and it always seemed a hopeless proposition to storm its thick walls. It was governed by a race of Hararic Mussulmans who had come to Abyssinia from Arabia in the twelfth century and had built and fortified and defended it. They did not change their customs during all that time, and even to-day they worship in their mosques just as they have always done. Their religion is more orthodox and strict than in Mecca and Medina. The citizens are bloodthirsty and pitiless and are always quarrelling and murdering, and fifty years ago the members of an Italian expedition that had come to explore the town were butchered at the gates.

Harar still has a reputation for blood among foreigners, although it has been under Abyssinian rule for forty-five years. Ras Makonnen, the present Emperor's father, captured the town and broke the pride of the Hararis. Since then the gates have been open to every Abyssinian race, and now there is a confusion of every conceivable type in the crowded streets.

A BOOK LIST—

Continued from p. 492

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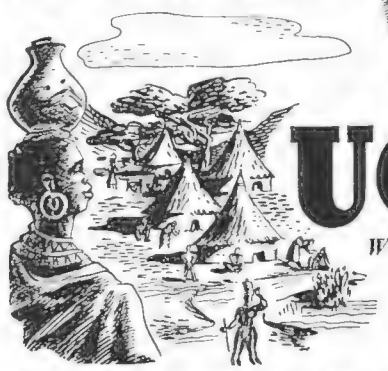

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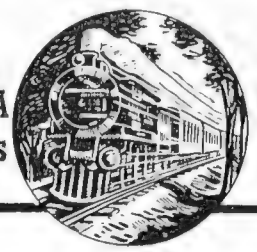

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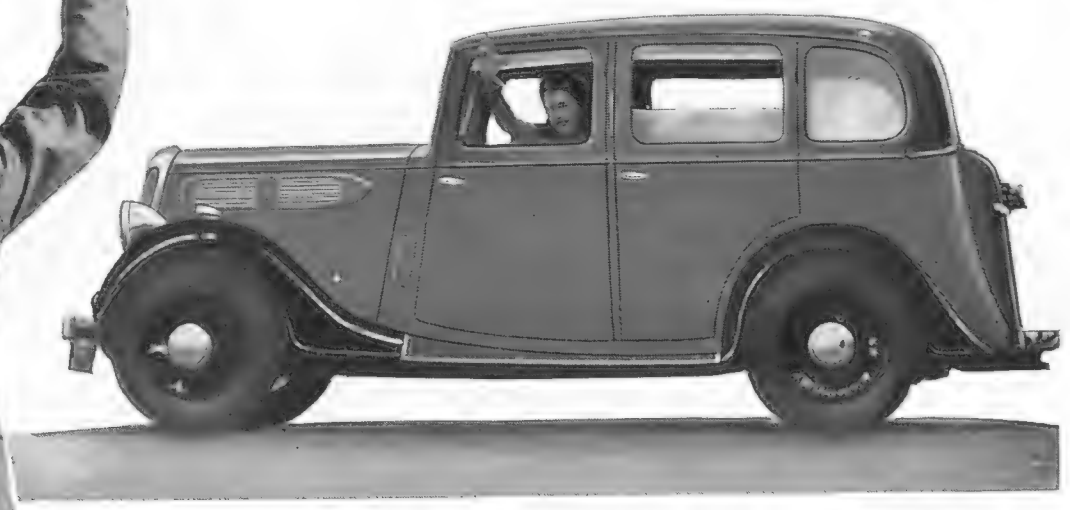

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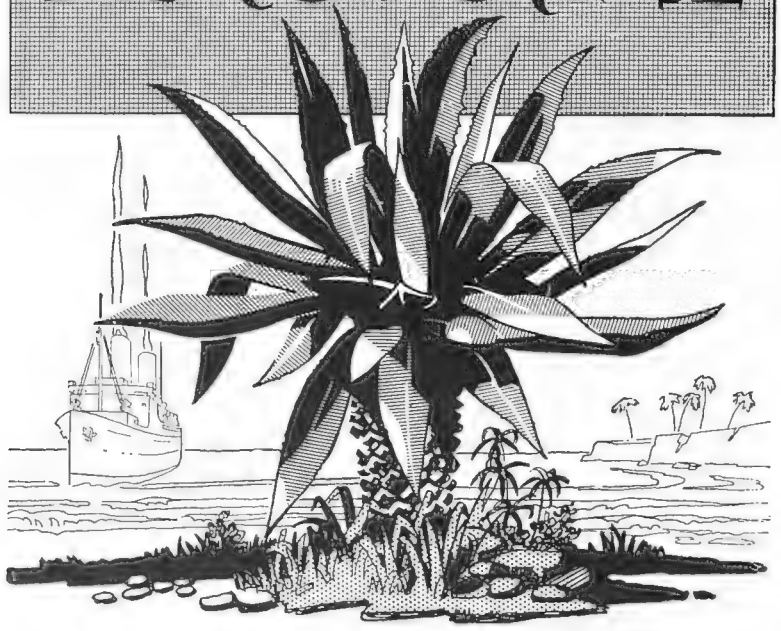

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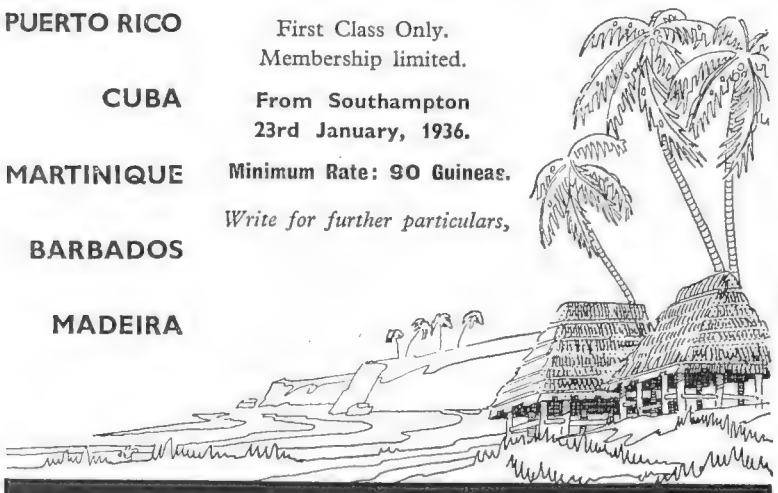

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ESCAPE FROM

Cruising to Africa, Australia, and the Orient

IN a story called *Youth* Joseph Conrad describes the experience of his original contact with the East. It was an arrival at the bottom of an open boat, and he was starving and feverish with the tropical sun, after being wrecked somewhere in the Indian Ocean. Not a promising beginning, and certainly not the way in which most of us make our first acquaintance with other lands. But a good experience: the colour, the teeming life, the conglomeration of unfamiliar smells that have no counterpart at all in Europe—his senses were alive to everything, for this was a moment never to be recaptured. What is particularly interesting, however, is to discover one's own emotions running very much the same course when one sees the East for the first time, even though it is from the deck of a liner and without the stimulus of hunger. For that moment alone it would be worth enduring what is virtually the only difficult feature of a long cruise—namely, the initial decision to undertake it.

Autumn ought to be a pleasant time for people of leisure. All the harbours of the world lie open to them. And all the climates too. Friends in South Africa are wont to start sending home large bundles of the most exotic flowers at about the end of November, just when the price of chrysanthemums is becoming prohibitive. In February, when England is at its bleakest and spring seems further than ever behind, cousins in Australia have a habit of writing to say how they ate their Christmas pudding under the apple tree, because the sun was really too hot . . .

Think of the inducements to escape winter! Think of waking up one morning and seeing Table Mountain from your cabin window, and knowing that beyond it lie all the marvels and mysteries of the continent that is called (incongruously enough, it would appear, under the brilliant sunshine) dark. Yet Africa is a "Dark Continent." One can look back—it is not so very far—to a time before the fine buildings of Cape Town and Durban were erected, when Johannesburg, with its busy streets, was not even thought of; to the time of the early Dutch settlers; and before that to untold centuries when the life of the native tribes flowed in a deep, unconscious current, untouched by the civilisations of East or West. One is still aware, even to-day, of this strange background in time, although the feeling is practically impossible to explain.

In East and West Africa, of course, in spite of the immense amount of development work which is at present being undertaken, the past is linked much more closely with the present. The East African coast, when you look at it on the map, has an appearance of great remoteness, yet Mombasa is easily accessible (it is a twenty-four-days' passage from England), and from there it is a straightforward journey to Nairobi. Kenya and Uganda are fine countries of the future, and the enterprising visitor to them is rewarded with reasonable travel facilities and magnificent scenery. The West African coast, with its fringe of colonies and vast hinterland of jungle, is equally accessible. Here the tourist is following quickly in the wake of the pioneer, and he will see some aspects of life that are rare and interesting.

Actually, of course, the whole world is full of things that are rare and interesting, for those who have eyes to see them. Take India, a land of fantastic pageantry, immense distances. Or take Ceylon, one of the richest and most fertile islands in the world. Many people make this the goal of their travels and like to stay there for a time, either at Colombo itself or up in the hills. Colombo offers all the picturesqueness of the East (the rickshaws make an important contribution to this) combined with most of the comforts of the West, while the interior, with its tea plantations, high up in the hills, where the air is marvellously invigorating, and great tracts of jungle, are unforgettably colourful. Who shall say how many secrets of Sinhalese history that jungle holds, what other cities there may not be like that of Anuradhapura—a vast half-buried ruin, dead as the crater of an extinct volcano—its beginnings lost in the mists of time, its streets and courts and reservoirs stopped with weeds?

The farther east one goes the more important does Singapore appear as a kind of jumping-off ground for the other half of the world. Northwards lie Malaya,

IN THE SHADOW OF TABLE MOUNTAIN: A bu steamer starts out on its homeward voya over 3,000 ft., cutting the skyline with

CAPE TOWN'S PLAYGROUND: The ascent of Table Mountain offers no great difficulties unless one deliberately chooses a difficult route, and on Sundays hundreds of people picnic amid the rocks near the summit. These two climbers are looking across towards the Lion's Head, another outstanding landmark at the Cape

IN MAORI LAND: Natives of the North Island o ners and customs of this highly intelligent an to the visito

WINTER WINDS

Seeing the World from a Liner's Decks

...ne in Cape Town docks as a Union Castle mail ...ge mountain on this side rises to a height of ...izontal front nearly two miles in length

Siam, Burma; across the China Sea is Saigon, the port for French Indo-China, that mysterious land through the forests of which runs the almost totally effaced "Royal Road" to China, the last dim memory of a forgotten age. The buried cities of Cambodia offer as rich a field to archæologists as any that yet remain to be explored, and much magnificent sculpture has already been recovered from the tenacious grasp of the jungle.

To the north again lie Canton and Hong-Kong; the latter an immense port, western and modern in appearance, which during the last ten years has been virtually transformed by the erection of new buildings. Then comes Shanghai, at the mouth of the Yang-tse, which is one of the biggest rivers in the world. There is a large European population both at Hong-Kong and Shanghai, and the social amenities of the former are further enhanced by reason of the fact that it is the headquarters of our fleet's China station.

If these places are typical of the new China, it is to Peking (now called Peiping) that one must go in order to recapture something of the spirit of the old. This is where the Emperors reigned, and a brooding quietness hangs over the gardens of the famous Summer Palace as if their shadows reigned there still.

Then to the south of Singapore are the Dutch East Indies, or Netherland Indies, as they are now officially styled. It is odd how Java and Sumatra carry one back in a flash across half the world, as it were, to Holland. In Batavia you detect the same neatness and cleanliness, the same love of good order as you might at The Hague or Delft (Java, incidentally, is an island of great beauty), and evidence of the unrelaxing colonial enterprise of the Dutch is to be seen everywhere. In Bali it is different. The Dutch Government is trying to keep the island of Bali free of modern influences, but as tourists are admitted it is likely to prove an impossible task. Stella Benson commented on this in an article that was published shortly after her death, and pointed out that "the art of Showing Off and Making it Pay" will inevitably be acquired by the Balinese sooner or later. In the meantime, though (this is so true of Bali to-day that I cannot forbear quoting it) they "really seem to be content to be actually as silly as the tourists expect Orientals to be; that is to say, they are, apparently, a truly æsthetic people, who do not feel the need of a practical reason for everything they do. They wear flowers . . . not like the Hawaiians to please tourists, but to please themselves; they choose brilliant, rather than durable, materials for their graceful, rather than practical clothes . . . Above all, everybody shamelessly wastes time in dancing—and dancing (nonsensically enough) anywhere and everywhere, at any time, without making sure that enough tourists are present to make a dance pay." Oh, that such a place might be kept for ever free of modern influences!

However, there's no point in inveighing too much against the modern world, since if it were less modern our travels would be restricted to a very much smaller area, and if we ventured to sea at all it would probably be on an unvarying diet of salt beef—very different from the cruising liner standards of to-day. Also, even if it is true that the Hawaiians dance to please the tourists, it is only fair to add that they succeed in doing so extraordinarily well, and Hawaii and Honolulu, with their curious blend of primitive simplicity and American sophistication (going on to San Francisco and the Californian Coast one has plenty of further opportunities for studying the latter) are extremely pleasant places to visit.

THE TEMPLE OF THE TOOTH: One of the most picturesquely situated places of worship in Ceylon. It is so named because it is believed to contain one of Buddha's teeth, and this sacred relic is preserved under seven bell-shaped shrines, increasing in richness as they diminish in size, and containing jewels of great value

From the Netherland Indies it is only what airmen call a "hop" across from Timor Sea to Australia—though rather farther to China or Japan. But one gets very misleading ideas about relative distances on the other side of the world if one only hears of them in connection with record-breaking in the air. If Australia astonishes with its immensity (and with its emptiness), New Zealand astonishes equally with a quality that is oddly reminiscent of home, or more particularly, of Scotland . . . although admittedly in Scotland you do not come upon such specialised attractions as columns of boiling steam being shot out of the earth, or mountains nine or ten thousand feet high — and New Zealand has undeniably the better climate of the two. However small the world may be, it is good to get a feeling of being at home right on the other side of it, and in this lies New Zealand's especial charm.

...w Zealand lined up for a war dance. The man-...tured race are a source of never-failing interest ...the Dominion

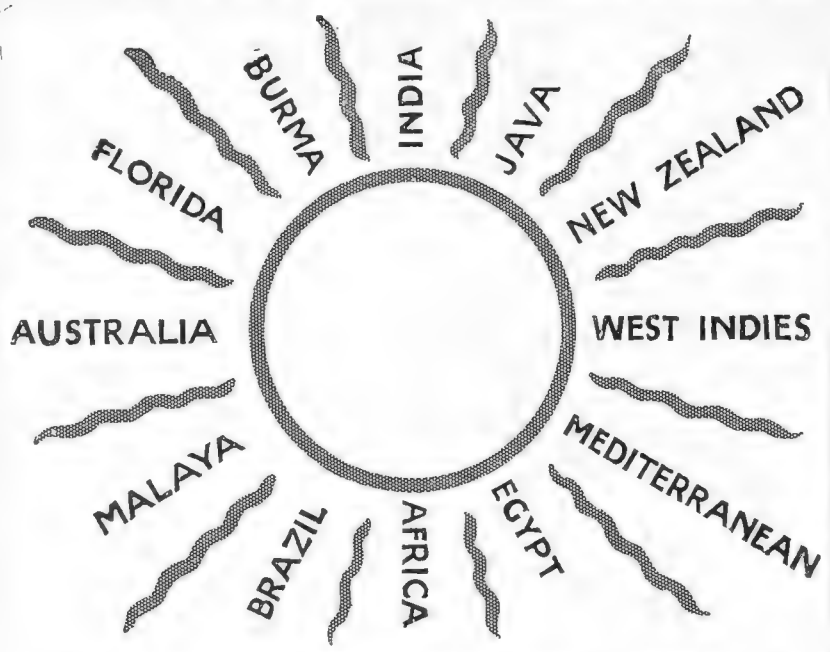
REALITY IN TRAVEL

AN eminent psychologist declared recently that unless the mental health of the next generation is superior to that of this generation civilization will resolve itself into an elaborate and unceasing escape from reality. Modern life, he added, is replete with opportunities for escape—from chewing gum to morphia, from dancing to ocean cruises.

We may well consider this in its bearing on our holiday and travel habits. Do the idle or merely glamorous phases of travel, the holiday abandoned wholly to pleasure, suffice? A discerning consensus would, we think, answer "No!"

"Reality Tours" to South Africa, during this Winter, are therefore planned to provide leisure, enjoyment and rest, in a sunshine environment, and also to bring the traveller into contact with the peoples and places, wonders and beauty, resources and problems and, not least, the vast romance and inspiration of Africa which are living realities stirring into splendid activity.

Our complete programme of "Reality Tours" will be forwarded gratis on request to The Director, South African Government Travel Bureau, South Africa House, Trafalgar Square, London, W.C.2, and the leading Tourist Agencies.



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Some very attractive suggestions for a Winter Holiday overseas will be found in our Winter Sunshine Programme No. 93. Free on request at any of our offices.

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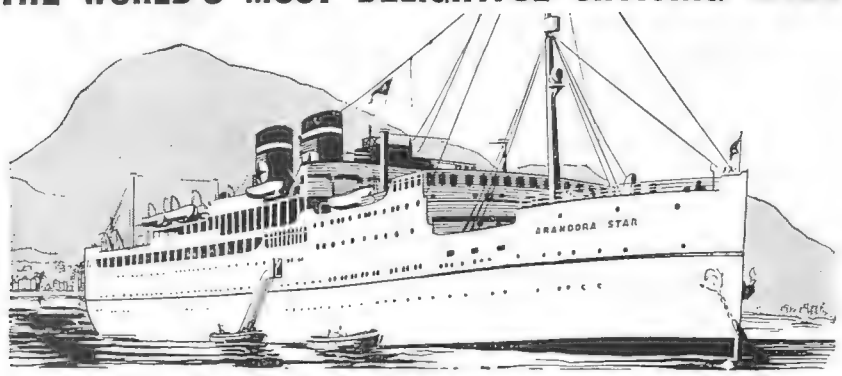

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CRUISING GROUNDS IN THE

Sunny Ports of Call which will be Visited by Countless Holidaymakers During the Coming Winter Months

"O, to be in England now that April's there" is a fine, patriotic sentiment. Underlying it, though, is surely an implied suggestion that it is better not to be in England during the preceding months. How often has one not thought "O, to be out of England—O, to be almost anywhere else—now that January, February, and March are upon us"; while people with plenty of time at their disposal may be franker still and include November and December as well! But there is no doubt about it, to get away even for a fortnight when the English climate is at what foreigners affirm to be its most typical, is the best tonic possible, and to go somewhere by sea fulfils the triple promise of sunshine, fresh air, and change of scene.

OVERLOOKING CAIRO: The ruins of a ninth-century mosque on the Moccatam Heights

After all, a lot can be done in a fortnight nowadays. You can cover the western Mediterranean, the north African coast; you can get to Madeira or Teneriffe. There is no point in pretending that the western Mediterranean in midwinter can guarantee entirely cloudless skies and a tropical temperature . . . . Snow on the Riviera and palm trees blown down by a gale are certainly sometimes seen, but it is rarely enough for the occurrence to be considered "news." If there is any snow, they have to photograph it very quickly, before it melts (a few winters ago even Capri awoke one morning to find itself quite white, and yet by the afternoon it was as warm and bright as a summer day again); if there is a storm, it is generally over in a night. Only the evenings are more or less consistently chilly, but on board a liner that matters perhaps less than anywhere else, because you do not have to go out for your amusements.

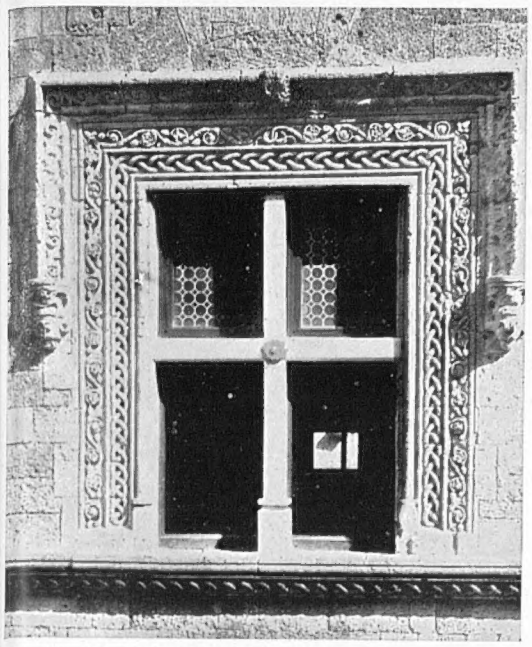
Lisbon (usually the prelude to a visit to Madeira or the Canaries) is always a pleasant port of call—although George Borrow did not think so when he arrived there in the last century, and "villainous" was one of his favourite epithets for the treatment he encountered there. It lies in a sheltered position a little way up the Tagus which just above it broadens out into what is virtually an inland lake. Approaching from the sea one is impressed most by the beautiful wooded hills of Cintra, away to the left. Estoril, with its wide, gleaming beach and line of new-looking white villas and hotels, is worth looking out for, and then, also on the left bank, the suburb of Belem, famous in Portuguese history as the place from which Vasco da Gama set out on his great voyage. If one has the chance of spending a day or two in Lisbon, it is really interesting to re-read the first two or three chapters of *The Bible in Spain* just to compare the changes of a century.

Madeira is a place which wrings enthusiasm from even the most sophisticated travellers, and whether you choose to spend your time just basking, rushing down the cobbled streets of Funchal on a contraption which has the appearance of a sledge and makes the noise of a tea-tray (doing this is an approved sport, not an essay in eccentricity), or motoring in the interior, you will all the time feel consciously appreciative of the beauty of the island and the charm of its people. The Canaries, too, are a good choice for a cruising destination, and there are many interesting excursions to occupy the time you have to spare there.

Gibraltar is very impressive if you see it on a fine day, but rather oppressive if you happen to be there when the Levanta, a local speciality in the way of winds, is blowing, for it shrouds the peak of the rock in cloud, and makes assaults on your hat with nerve-racking persistence. Once past this gateway to the Mediterranean, though, an alluring variety of attractions is before you. North Africa—the French and Italian Rivieras—perhaps Civitavecchia, which is within easy reach of Rome,

"THE GREAT SEA TOWARDS THE GOING DOWN OF THE SUN": The Mediterranean viewed from the ancient port of Jaffa

NEW AND OLD WORLDS



IN THE STREET OF THE KNIGHTS: An elaborately-carved window on a medieval house at Rhodes, the Ægean island which, before its capture by the Turks, was for over two centuries the headquarters of the Knights Hospitallers of St. John

Spain and the Spanish island of Majorca. One feature, though, they have in common; in all of them the winter sun shines more brightly than it does at home.

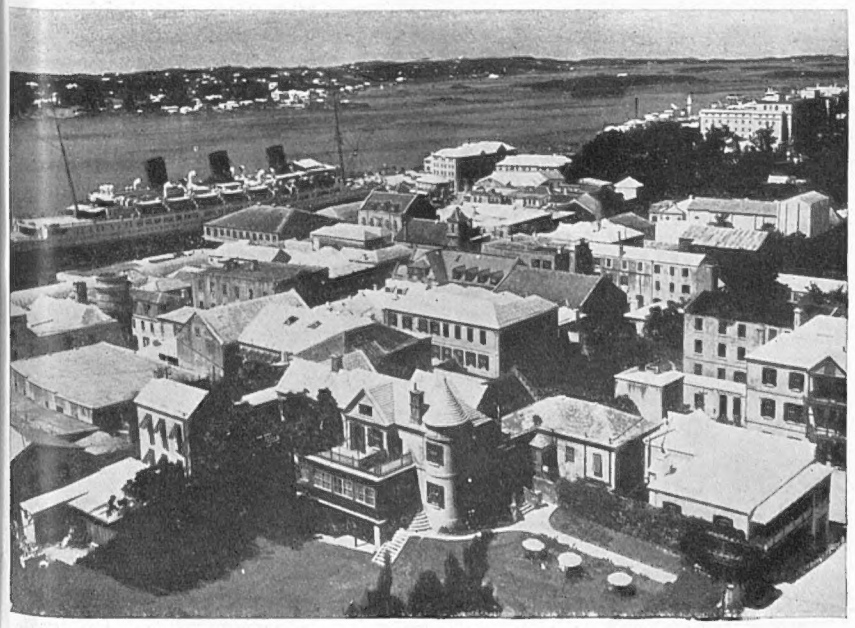
So much for the shorter cruises. What, now, are the alternatives, if one has more time to spare? South and West Africa are dealt with elsewhere, and both are very suitable for holidays of moderate length. Then there is the eastern Mediterranean: Greece, whose hills in the earliest spring days are transformed into bowers of almond blossom; Constantinople, from which the glamour of the Turkish Empire has admittedly departed, but which still retains the fascination of a meeting place between East and West. So much history has been made at Constantinople, and over a period of nearly 2,000 years, that it seems hardly possible to think of its being relegated to a secondary place in the new Turkey. As long as so great a monument as the church of Santa Sophia remains standing, however, Constantinople's cultural importance in the history of civilisation will not be easily forgotten.

No less interesting is Palestine, the best time for visiting which is after Christmas. Jaffa itself is an interesting port, and from it Jerusalem and Bethlehem are easily accessible. The significance of Palestine from the tourist's point of view is well summed up in the comments of two famous guidebooks: "Palestine," said one, "is the best guide to the Bible," "The Bible" riposted the other, with engaging modesty, "is the best guide to Palestine."

It is a far cry from the eastern Mediterranean to the islands of the West Indies, from the Old World to the New. Indeed, the only point they have in common is that both are more or less equidistant by boat from England, and that is our reason for mentioning them in the same article.

Jamaica is certainly one of the best of them, as well as being the biggest of those in British possession. It has been a British possession since the seventeenth century and its name is famous in the annals (and also in the literature) of piracy. Of more immediate interest to the tourist, however, is the fact that it provides good bathing, good sailing, good golf, good tennis, good motoring, and good views. Barbados, too, combines most of these qualities in a narrower span, and its bathing beaches are unsurpassed. Farther north are the Bahamas; farther north again is Bermuda, "the remote Bermudas," as Marvell calls this mass of tiny islands, and the adjective is appropriate enough, for they lie 800 miles off the coast of Florida. There is something quite unique about their charm; perhaps it is the extraordinary brilliance of sea and sky, of the wealth and variety of flowers . . . . more likely, though, it is the pervading air of peacefulness which is the reward of being separated by a good stretch of water from any mainland.

SPORT IN THE WEST INDIES: The scene round the pool at Nassau, Bahamas, when international swimming contests were in progress last month



A WINTER PLAYGROUND IN THE ATLANTIC: Hamilton, the capital of the Bermudas, where the heat is always pleasantly tempered by sea breezes

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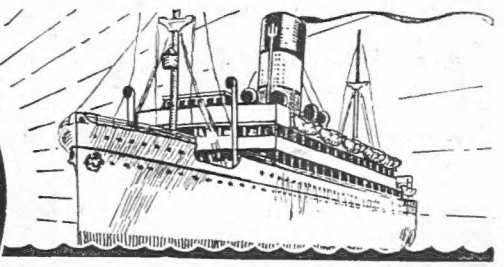

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A TRAVEL MISCELLANY

What the Shipping Companies and Other Organisations are Planning During the Winter Months

THE Canadian Pacific liner, *Empress of Britain*, leaves Monte Carlo on January 23 for her annual Round-the-World Cruise. It is a fascinating itinerary: India, Ceylon, Bangkok, the Netherland Indies, Japan, China, America, all figure in it, and the 30,000-mile journey ends at Southampton on May 26. Fares are from 422 guineas, including shore excursions. The tonnage of the *Empress of Britain* is 42,500. Other long distance cruises announced by the Canadian Pacific are that of the *Empress of Australia* (22,000 tons) starting for Africa and South America on February 8 from Monaco, and that of the *Duchess of Richmond* (20,000 tons), which goes, amongst other places, to the West Indies, the Bahamas, and Bermuda, and also Panama, starting from Southampton on January 23. Fares in the cases of these two latter cruises are from 265 guineas and 90 guineas respectively.

* * *

The famous *Arandora Star*, (Blue Star Line) has three widely differing cruises on its winter programme this year: the first leaves Southampton on October 12 for Spain, Italy, Egypt, Palestine, Cyprus, Rhodes, Greece, Malta, Algeria, and Portugal, and finishes on November 11. The second offers escape from the possibility of a wet Christmas by way of Madeira, Gambia, Sierra Leone, and the Canary Islands. It starts on December 20 and finishes on January 9. Then, on January 23, begins a ten weeks' cruise which will include visits to such attractive places as Florida, Honolulu, and California, and many others as well. The distance covered will be more than 21,000 miles. Minimum fares for these three cruises respectively are 55 guineas, 34 guineas, and 153 guineas.

* * *

One of the most interesting features of the Lamport and Holt winter programme is a cruise by the *Vandyck* to the West Indies, lasting from February 15 to April 3, and calling at Madeira, Barbados, Panama, Jamaica, Havana, Miami, the Bahamas, Bermuda, and the Azores. What better places could be found in which to spend the final months of winter? And what more comfortable boat than the *Vandyck*? Fares are from 48 guineas. Amongst other cruises are two short ones by the *Voltaire*, the first starting on October 14 for Cadiz, Casablanca, and Lisbon; the second on December 21 for Madeira and the Canaries.

* * *

As usual, Messrs. Thos. Cook and Son have taken the question of winter travel well in hand, and their booklet *Winter Sunshine* is evidence of the amount of thought they have bestowed on it. They have also got out a chronological list of all cruise sailings planned between September and next spring, which will be of invaluable help to people faced with the pleasant problem of making up their minds to a winter holiday. All travel bookings and arrangements can be made through Cook's and in addition one may have the benefit of their expert advice on any point connected with the journey.

* * *

The Union Castle Line is planning a number of tours to South Africa this winter. Particularly interesting are those of the S.S. *Llandovery Castle* (10,609 tons) leaving London on December 28, and S.S. *Durham Castle* (8,240 tons) leaving London on January 3, both going round the whole of Africa. They take a little more than two months, and the fares are £105 first and £50 tourist class.

* * *

The *Atlantis* (Royal Mail Line, 16,000 tons) starts on a seventy-three days' winter cruise on January 24, with Honolulu and Hawaii as its ultimate objectives. It will also visit San Francisco and the West Indies, among other attractive places. Fares are from 150 guineas.

* * *

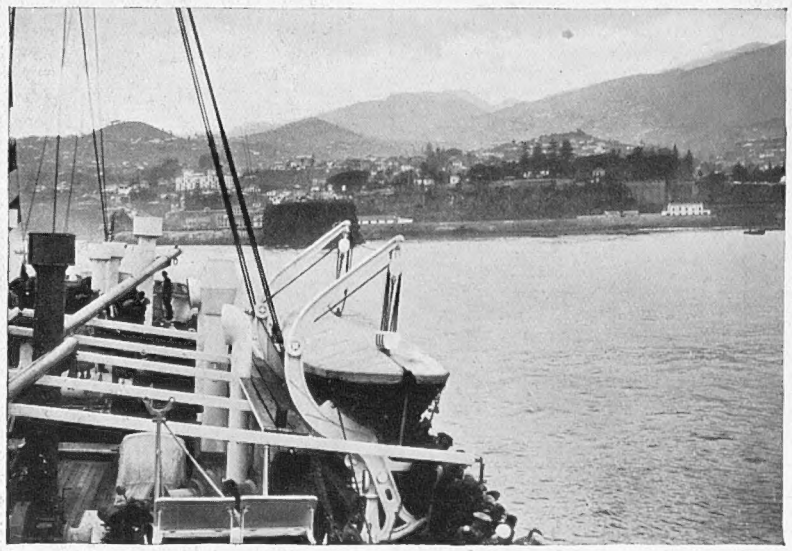
The Orient Line is now issuing round-voyage tickets to Australia and back at fares ranging between £57 and £150. They also have arrangements for short sea voyages to various Mediterranean ports by interchange between different lines, which are worth looking into.

* * *

The Spanish mainland which forms the bay of Gibraltar, has much to recommend it as a stopping place for English people—the beautiful country of Andalusia, an ideal winter climate, reasonable proximity to the Rock, with all its English facilities, and finally, at Algeciras, an absolutely first-rate hotel: the Cristina.

* * *

"To be in Moscow on November 7 is to see the capital of the Soviet Union put aside its everyday affairs and give itself up to festivity." A tour leaves London on October 30 for Leningrad and Moscow which will include this spectacle. Duration, 19 days. Details from Intourist.



A FAIR ATLANTIC ISLE: Sub-tropical Madeira viewed from the sea

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CHEAPER TRAVEL IN ITALY

FOR some time past the authorities in Italy have been studying ways and means of lowering costs for visitors from abroad, which, though not high compared with other countries, prevent many would-be visitors, in these days of reduced incomes, from coming to the country.

The Italian State Railways have evolved a simple and practical scheme embracing hotel coupons for accommodation at reduced rates, special concessions on railway travel (up to 70 per cent.) and substantial reductions in the price of petrol for motorists. It is likely that entry to museums, galleries, excavations, and other places of interest will be included in the arrangements.

The hotel coupons provide for room and meals from Lire 30 (10s.) per day to Lire 68 (22s. 6d.) according to grade, the latter at hotels-de-luxe; these terms are inclusive of sojourn tax and tips to hotel staff. Purchasers of the hotel coupons will be given a classified list of hotels throughout Italy.

The hotel coupons will shortly be on sale at tourist offices outside Italy and at Italian ports for visitors arriving from overseas. For the time being, however, for the convenience of motorists, they are obtainable at the offices of the Italian State Tourist Department (E.N.I.T.), which have been established at the road frontiers (and principal seaports) for the purpose of selling the petrol coupons.

An important feature of this system is that it is not necessary to bind oneself beforehand to follow a fixed programme. Economy, simplicity, and freedom are the attractions of this scheme.

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* * *

No other butcher in the town could show you counters so freshly scoured, or knives and choppers and hooks so silvery; and whether he was weighing a whacking big joint or half-a-pound of steak, down with an honest thump would go your side of the scales and as often as not with a fine lump of suet thrown in for luck.

* * *

A cheerful, likeable soul, this Binks, who well deserved to get on. And get on he did, for at fifty he retired, selling his business to a stranger.

* * *

So passed a name that will never be forgotten by the folks who bought their meat from Binks.

* * *

But there; that was only a year ago and now the shop is closed, for Jinks, the new man, quickly lost all his custom. The meat he sold looked decent enough but cooked as tough as leather. He wore a greasy coat. He snapped at children. He imagined that once a week was often enough to clean up the shop. Customers never called a second time and up went Mr. Jinks' shutters.

* * *

So passed another name that was remembered, but only as a warning.

* * *

Two butchers. Two names. One a success, the other a failure. To Binks, people went regularly for their meat. One visit to Jinks was more than enough.

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